

The
Children's
Nonsense
Book



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"WHERE THE GREEN STARS RISE IN THE CAMBRIC SKIES."

The Children's
Nonsense Book

*Tales and Rhymes of Fun, Nonsense,
and Absurdity*

BY
FAVORITE FUN-MAKERS



BOSTON
LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY
1895

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CHILDREN'S WONDER BOOK.

PRESS OF
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THE CHILDREN'S NONSENSE BOOK.

BENEATH THE CAMBRIC SKIES.

WHERE the green stars rise in the cambric skies,
And the June-bug carolleth low,
I went for a walk,
I went for a talk,
With the pig (in a wig,)
And a thing-a-ma-jig,
And a calf and a half
And a bumble-bee big —
Now how did I come for to go?

CHORUS:

O, O, O!

How did he come for to go
With a pig (in a wig,)

And a thing-a-ma-jig,
And a calf and a half
And a bumble-bee big?
Now *how* did he come for to go?

Not for gain nor gold did I walk so bold,
Though my funds were fearfully low;
Not for frolic fair,
Nor to take the air
With the pig (in a wig,)
And a thing-a-ma-jig,
And a calf and a half
And a bumble-bee big—
Then *how* did I come for to go?

CHORUS: O, O, O!
How did he come for to go
With a pig (in a wig,)
etc., etc.

O, list to my lay, or I fear you may
Not fathom my riddle-me-ro;

'Twas my day to walk,
And my day to talk
With the pig (in a wig,)
And a thing-a-ma-jig,
And a calf and a half
And a bumble-bee big.
And *that's* how I came for to go.

CHORUS :

O, O, O!

That's how he came for to go
With a pig (in a wig,)
And a thing-a-ma-jig,
And a calf and a half
And a bumble-bee big.
And *that's* how he came for to go.



WILLIE AND THE TREEDEEDLE.



“THROUGH THE GLASS HE SAW A
FUNNY LITTLE MAN.”

ONE day Willie was walking through the woods when he came to a great hollow tree. He peeped through the hole, and thought he would crawl in and see what a hollow tree was like.

Inside he found a ladder, very narrow and very steep, but up and up he climbed till he came to a little window. Through the glass he saw a funny little man, with three eyes, sitting at a round table eating his lunch. There was a great brown pie before him, and Willie was very fond of pie.

Then he noticed a little door at the top of the ladder, so he knocked very gently: rap-tap-tap-tap!

“Come in!” called the funny little man, and Willie opened the door and stepped into a little room.

“Who are you?” said the little man.

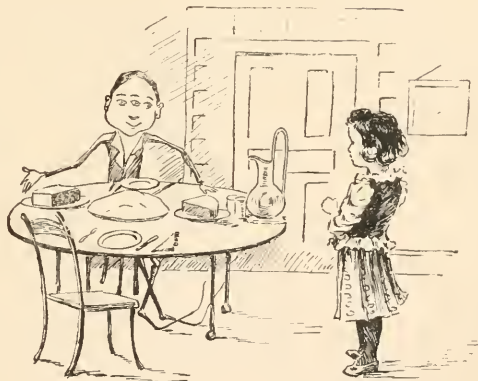
"I'm Willie, and I came up the ladder. Do you live here?"

"Yes; I am a Treedeedle, and this tree is my house. Won't you have some lunch?"

"Oh, yes!" said Willie, looking at the big brown pie and a cake full of little black things, and a big glass pitcher of lemonade.

"I always have an extra place for a visitor," said the Treedeedle. "Sit down," and he motioned toward the vacant chair. "Will you have some pie?"

"Yes, please," said Willie, taking the empty chair.



"WON'T YOU HAVE SOME LUNCH?"

So the Treedeedle cut a huge piece of pie and handed it to Willie. Willie took up his fork and cut into his pie, and found it was full of empty spools.

"Oh! my mamma doesn't make pie out of spools. I

don't like spool pie; I'm afraid I can't eat it," said Willie.

"Not eat spool pie!" said the Treedeedle, who was just finishing his third slice. "Why, it is delicious. But perhaps you'd like some cake?"

"Oh, yes; very much," said Willie, his eyes growing bright with pleasure.

So the Treedeedle passed him a large slice of cake, and Willie broke off a piece and was just going to eat it, when he saw the little black things were not raisins but tacks — carpet-tacks!

"Oh!" he said, "my mamma doesn't put tacks into her cake; no; I can't eat tacks."

"Not eat tacks!" cried the Treedeedle, munching his cake with delight. "Why, they are so spicy, and sharp, and good; and these are particularly large ones. Perhaps you'd like some lemonade?"

"Yes," said Willie; "I think I should."

So the Treedeedle poured out a glass of lemonade, and handed it to Willie with such a polite little bow that Willie thought he must be polite, too, and not find so much fault with the Treedeedle's lunch.

But as he lifted the glass to his lips, he smelled kerosene, and set the glass down very quickly.

"Oh! my mamma doesn't make lemonade out of kerosene," said he. "I can't drink it."

"Not make lemonade out of kerosene!" cried the Treedeedle. "Why, yes; one lemon peel to one quart of kerosene is my recipe. I assure you it is very nice. But perhaps you would like an egg; I'll ring for one."

The Treedeedle picked up a little silver bell and rang: ding-a-ling, a-ling-a-ling. In came a little man-servant in a green jacket.

"Hard or soft?" said the Treedeedle, looking at Willie.

"Hard," said Willie.

"Number-thirty-four, bring us some hard eggs," said the Treedeedle.

The man-servant in the green jacket went out.

"Why do you call him 'Number-thirty-four'?" asked Willie.

"Because that is his name," said the Treedeedle.

Pretty soon Number-thirty-four came back with a dish of eggs, and Willie took one. The shell seemed to have

been taken off, so he bit right into it, and found that it was lard, — a ball of lard.

“Oh! my mamma doesn't have eggs made of lard. Your cooking isn't like my mamma's. I don't think I'm very hungry, and I think I will go home now; but if



“NUMBER-THIRTY-FOUR.”

you will come to breakfast with me some time I will show you what kind of things my mamma cooks. Bread and milk, and strawberries, and buttered toast, and chicken, and things like that, you know.”

“Oh, yes! I know,” said the Tree-deedle. “I often have them, too; and door-knob stew, and pincushion pudding, and needle tarts, and ice-cream made out of broken glass and lemons. I should like to take breakfast with you, though. Perhaps I will go to-morrow; and the next time you come to see me, I will take you to call on my friend the Owl, who lives in the next tree. Come soon.”

“I should like to go to see the Owl,” said Willie, climbing down the ladder.

“Then let's go and call on him now,” said the Tree-deedle.

"All right. I've got on my clean dress, so I can go," said Willie.

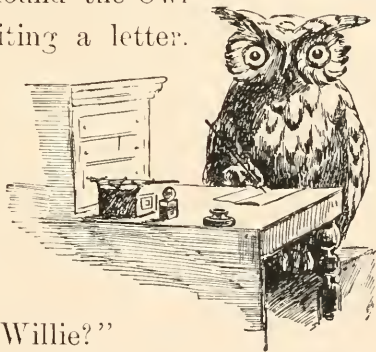
When they reached the tree where the Owl lived, the Treedeedle gave a shrill whistle, and down from the tree came a basket on a rope.

Willie and the Treedeedle got into the basket, and were drawn up to a great limb. There they saw a little door standing open. Inside, they found the Owl sitting at a little desk writing a letter.

"What are you writing?" asked the Treedeedle looking over the Owl's shoulder.

"I'm writing a letter to the Man in the Moon; he sent me an invitation to dinner. Is this your friend Willie?"

"Yes; let me introduce you to the Owl, Willie."



"THEY SAW THE OWL
WRITING A LETTER."

The Owl shook Willie's hand with one of his claws, and said, "Perhaps you and the Treedeedle would like to go with me to the Man in the Moon's to dinner. I'll send the letter after I get there."

"Of course we'll go," cried the Treedeedle. "Willie is all dressed, and I can dress in a jiffy, if you will lend me a wash-basin. I forgot to put my wash-basin in my pocket when I came away."

"All right," said the Owl; "you can go behind that screen, and I will go behind this screen, and we will dress."

So Willie sat down on a little stool and waited while the Treedeedle and the Owl splashed and scrubbed behind their screens.

They washed so violently that they dashed the water over the screens and sprinkled the whole room. Then the Owl curled all his feathers with a curling-iron in the latest style.

"Now for the paper collars!" cried the Owl. "We can't be dressed without paper collars. I'll lend you and Willie each one."

Willie didn't think he needed a paper collar, but he did not want to hurt the Owl's feelings, so he let the Treedeedle and the Owl put on his collar for him, and it came way up around his ears.

"How are we going to get to the moon?" asked Willie.

"Oh! I have a comet tied to my back fence," said the Owl, "and he will take us there."

Willie had never seen a comet; so he followed the Owl and the Treedeedle out into the Owl's back yard with a good deal of curiosity.

The comet looked like a big star switching a long fiery tail. They all got on the comet's back; first the Owl, then the Treedeedle, and then Willie.

"Now hold on tight," said the Owl, untying the comet from the fence; and away they went like the wind, straight for the moon. Willie held on to the Treedeedle's coat-tails, and they went so fast it almost took his breath away.



"THEY GOT ON THE COMET'S BACK, AND AWAY THEY WENT LIKE THE WIND."

When they reached the moon the comet

stopped, and they got off his back and walked up a little yellow path to a yellow house, and knocked on the little yellow door: rap-tap-tap-tap.

A little yellow man, with a great many brass buttons on his clothes, opened the door and asked them to walk upstairs.

The Man in the Moon was waiting for them on the roof of the house, which was flat like a veranda. He was a very round little man, with a round, shining face like a full moon. The dinner-table was all ready, set with gold plates, and gold spoons, and gold cups, and gold knives and forks.

"I'm delighted to see you; delighted! Sit down and have some oysters," cried the Man in the Moon.

Willie looked at his plate, but did not see any oysters; nothing but some little pieces of green cheese.

After they had eaten their cheese, the Man in the Moon called to the little man in buttons to bring the soup. So the plates were all changed, and in came the soup.

Willie looked into his plate, but all he saw was a little green cheese in the bottom of the soup plate.

"Well, that's funny," thought Willie; but he saw the Treedeedle and the Owl were eating their cheese, so he ate his.

"Now we'll have some chicken," said the Man in the Moon.

"That is nice; I like chicken," said the Owl. But when the plates were brought in, Willie saw that each one had a square piece of green cheese and nothing else.

“Any way, this is better than the Treedeedle’s lunch,” said Willie to himself; “but I wish they would have something different.”



“THEY CAUGHT ALL KINDS OF STRANGE THINGS.”

But though the Man in the Moon spoke of the salads, and strawberries and cream, and ice-cream, and plum-cake,

and candy, and nuts, and raisins, and all kinds of good things, Willie saw that they were only pieces of green cheese of different sizes.

"Let's go fishing," said the Man in the Moon, after dinner was over.

"How jolly!" said the Owl. "Where shall we go?"

"To the Milky Way," cried the Man in the Moon.

So off they started, with long fishing-rods over their shoulders till they came to the Milky Way; it was tumbling along like a river of milk.

The Man in the Moon had a little raft, and he rowed them all out into the middle of the stream to fish.

They caught all kinds of strange things. First the Owl caught a pair of rubber boots, then the Treedeedle caught a pair of boxing-gloves, then the Man in the Moon caught an umbrella, and then Willie caught a diamond crown, which sparkled and glittered like a row of stars.

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried the Treedeedle; "you must be a king. Let's all put on the things we have caught."

So the Treedeedle put on his boxing-gloves, and the Owl put on his rubber boots, and the Man in the Moon put up his

umbrella, and Willie put the diamond crown on his curls, and they started for the house of the Man in the Moon.

"I must go home quickly, for I am going to a ball at the Mud Turtle's to-night," said the Owl.



"THEY STARTED FOR THE HOUSE OF THE MAN IN THE MOON."

They looked all about for the comet to take them home, but as the Owl had forgotten to fasten it to the Man in the Moon's hitching-post, it had gone off.

"How shall we get home?" cried the Treedeedle.

"Let's fly," said the Owl; and he flapped his wings and flew off toward home.

"Oh! I can't fly," cried Willie.

"You will have to jump," said the Man in the Moon.

"All right ; good-by ! Come, Willie, take my hand," said the Treedeedle.

So Willie took the Treedeedle's hand, and together they jumped.

Willie looked down and saw something sailing below them, and when they got nearer they saw that it was a balloon, and as it was directly beneath them they tumbled into it.

The balloon was manned by a big black pussy cat with green eyes.

"What do you mean by jumping into my balloon?" asked the Black Pussy Cat, as Willie and the Treedeedle came tumbling into the basket.

"We did not mean to," said the Treedeedle ; "but you were in our way, so we had to fall in. Won't you take us home in your balloon?"

"I haven't time," said the Black Pussy Cat. "I'm on my way to the Mud Turtle's ball ; you can go with me if you like, and I will take you home after the ball is over."

"Let's go," said the Treedeedle to Willie.

"All right," said Willie ; and away they sailed with the Black Pussy Cat.

The Mud Turtle lived by a pond, under a willow-tree, and as it was getting rather dark, the bushes, and grass, and trees were all lighted up with fireflies, that snapped and sparkled like electric lights, and made the place as bright as day.

The guests were sitting about on stones. There was the Owl in his rubber boots, and he winked one big eye at Willie when he saw him come in with the Black Pussy Cat and the Treedeedle.

Then there was a big grasshopper, and a robin, and a field-mouse, and a bull-frog, and a blue butterfly, and ever so many others.

The Mud Turtle was in the centre, shaking hands and talking with everybody.

Then the music struck up.

“Choose your partners for a hopity-kick waltz!” shouted the Mud Turtle.

Willie looked up to see where the musicians were, and saw them sitting on the branches: two thousand mosquitoes, humming and buzzing a waltz as loud as they could sing.

Then the Bull-frog came and asked Willie to dance. Willie saw the Black Pussy Cat dancing with the Mud

Turtle, and the Grasshopper waltzing with the Field-mouse. and they seemed to be having such a gay time that he thought he would dance too.



"THE TREEDEEDLE THREW OFF HIS BOXING-GLOVES AND
UNBUTTONED HIS COAT."

The Bull-frog hopped and leaped about so fast that Willie had hard work to keep up with him.

"The one who dances the longest wins the prize," shouted the Mud Turtle.

First the Mud Turtle got tired out and stopped, then the Field-mouse and the Rabbit, then the Robin, and then the Blue Butter-

fly, and all the others, one by one, till only the Grasshopper and the Treedeedle were left.

They danced and danced, and hopped and twirled, till the room fairly seemed to Willie to whirl too.

Then the Treedeedle threw off his boxing-gloves and



"THREE CHEERS FOR THE TREEDEEDLE!"

unbuttoned his coat, and danced faster all the time, till at last the Grasshopper fell down in a faint, and they had to bring him to by rubbing him down with a clothes-brush.

By that time everybody was shouting: "Hurrah for the Treedeedle!" "Three cheers for the Treedeedle!" "The Treedeedle has won the prize!"

The Owl and the Black Pussy Cat hoisted him on to a board, and carried him round the room.

Then the Mud Turtle brought in the prize, which was a hand-organ, and then they all cheered again, and the Treedeedle played them a tune on his organ.

"Now for the refreshments," cried the Mud Turtle; and they brought in a great wash-boiler full of molasses candy, and each one took a big spoon and dipped it into the boiler and began to eat.

Presently Willie noticed the Blue Butterfly sitting on the fence, eating his lunch all by himself out of a little tin dinner-pail.

"Why don't you come and eat with us?" asked Willie.

"I don't like molasses candy, so I always bring my own lunch," said the Blue Butterfly.

Willie looked to see what the Butterfly had for lunch, and saw that he had brought five sausages all on a string.

After they had finished the molasses candy, and scraped the boiler nice and clean, the Treedeedle said it was time

to go home; so they all shook hands with the Mud Turtle and told him what a good time they had had.

"I'm coming to see you, Willie," said the Mud Turtle.

"That will be nice," said Willie. "I will show you my playhouse."

"Oh! I'll come too," said the Owl.

"And I," said the Black Pussy Cat.

"Can't I come too?" cried the Blue Butterfly.

"And I?" asked the Grasshopper.

"I am coming," said the Robin.

"I'm coming too," croaked the Bull-frog.

"All right," said Willie; "perhaps my mamma will let me have a birthday party and invite you all."

"Hurrah! hurrah! We are all going to Willie's birthday party!" cried everybody.

Then the Black Pussy Cat and the Treedeedle climbed into the balloon and pulled Willie in after them, and very soon they stopped at Willie's front gate and let him out.

"Good-by? I've had a beautiful time," said Willie, "and now I'm going in to tell my mamma all about it."



THE MONKEY AND THE CAMEL.

ONCE upon a time, so the fable runs, the Beasts of the forest gave an entertainment at which the Monkey stood up and danced. Having vastly delighted the assembly, he sat down amidst universal applause. The Lion cried "Encore, encore!" the Hippopotamus showed every tusk he had, in delight. But the Camel, envious of the praises bestowed upon the Monkey, and desirous to divert to himself the favor of the guests, proposed to stand up in his turn and dance for their amusement. He moved about in so utterly ridiculous a manner, that the Beasts in a fit of indignation set upon him with clubs and drove him out of the assembly.

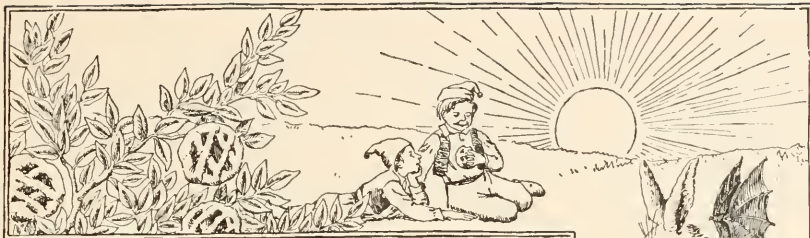


THE PEDLER-MAN.

BIG Ira Bran
Was a pedler-man,
Who cabbages cried,
From Beersheba to Dan.
“Cabbages crisp, and curled and green!”
He cried at the kitchen door of the Queen.

The Queen came out,
For she liked sauer kraut,
To find what the noise
Was all about.
The Queen came out, and she tossed her head;
“’Tis lettuce you have,” at last she said,
“And you yourself are the ‘cabbage-head’!”

Big Ira Bran
Was a sorrowful man,
As he went to Beersheba
Back from Dan.



THE LAND WHERE THE LAZY- BIRD FLAPS.

SAID John to Peter one day: "I
hear

There's a land in the West, and it
lies quite near,

Where hot tarts grow on the tartlet-
tree,

And roasts are as tame as they can
be.

"There's a golden mist on every-
thing;

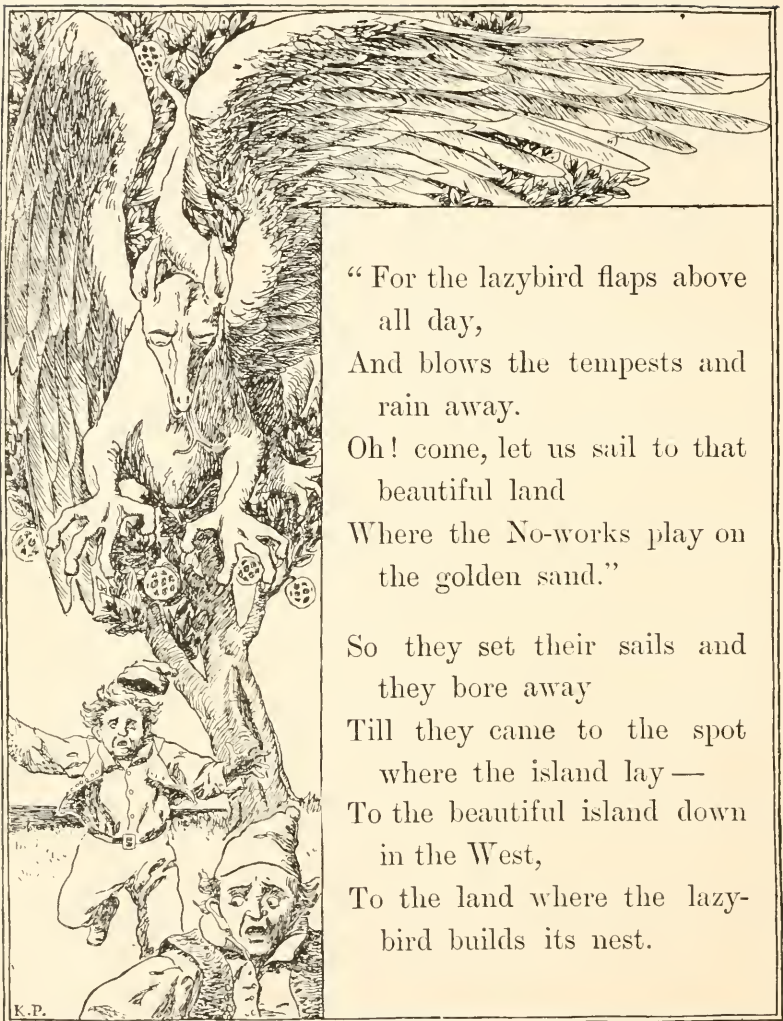
The No-works play in the sand and
sing;

The grass is green and the sun shines
bright,

And there's never a storm by day
or night;



*(John and Peter pluck the
hot tarts from the tartlet-
tree and watch the No-
works on the golden
sand in the land where
the lazybird flaps.)*



“For the lazybird flaps above
all day,
And blows the tempests and
rain away.
Oh! come, let us sail to that
beautiful land
Where the No-works play on
the golden sand.”

So they set their sails and
they bore away
Till they came to the spot
where the island lay —
To the beautiful island down
in the West,
To the land where the lazy-
bird builds its nest.

*(John and Peter are pursued by the
duty-beast.)*

In that beautiful land where the skies are clear,
Did John and Peter live for a year;
And they feasted on feasts that were fit for a king,
While they learned the song that the No-works sing.

But John and Peter one morning awoke,
And cold and stormy the dawning broke;
The wind was shrill and the skies were gray,
For the lazybird — it had flown away.

And while they stared, from the windy East
Came gnashing and growling the Duty-beast!
A most terrible beast he was to see,
And he caught them both by the wild-tart-tree.

He bore them away to his grewsome den —
Ah! they'll never escape from those rocks again;
From those rocks where only at night, poor things,
Can they dream of the song that the No-work sings.

JERMICKY'S SACRIFICE.

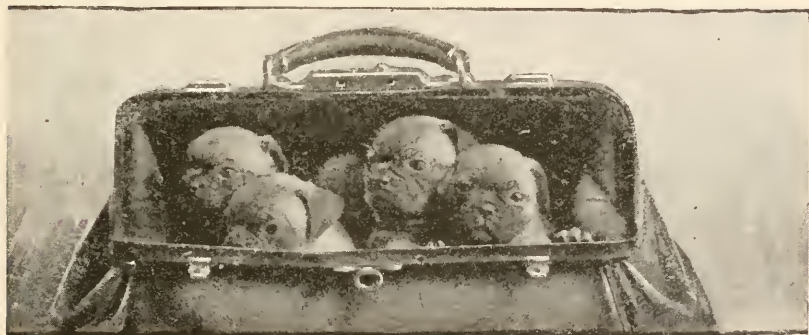
JERMICKY lived in the little house by the gate, and a long, wide, smooth road with a good many turns in it and great trees on either side led to Sam's house, which was a very big house with a beautiful green lawn all round it, and with a great many bright flower-beds dotted about in it.

Jermicky's name was really James Hickey, shortened to Jim Hickey and finally into Jermicky by Sam Floyd. He and Jermicky were exactly the same age to a day, and they were five years old apiece. They were the best of friends, although they did quarrel occasionally; and all summer long, and in good weather in winter, Sam and Jermicky were either together or not very far apart on the broad road that led from one house to the other; or else in Sam's play-room, where there was everything to play with; or in Jermicky's woodhouse, where there was nothing meant for them to play with, but which they much preferred.

On the very hot summer day when Jermicky made his great sacrifice, both boys were busy building a stone wall round a small tree near the woodshed. The men on the place were busy building a wall round the lower garden,

and as the boys always did just what the men did — so far as they could — they at once began a very fine wall which was to go round the little tree, leaving a good space inside for Jermicky's bull-pups to live in.

These bull-pups were two just as delightful little baby dogs as one could find anywhere. The man who gave them to Jermicky had brought them and their three brothers in a carpet bag. They were six weeks old,



HOW THE PUPS CAME TO JERMICKY.

with little heads that were almost round, and little twinkling eyes, and very sprawling and unwieldy paws that looked a great deal too big for them and that never seemed to help them to walk in exactly the way they wanted to go.

Mrs. Hickey tried to keep them in a box in the corner of the woodshed, but they would tumble out and scramble up the two steps into the kitchen, and Mrs. Hickey was always tumbling over them, and they were very soft and squashy to step on—and they yelped awfully whenever they were stepped on, and then Mrs. Hickey always squealed, and Jimmy roared because he didn't want the puppies hurt, and all that noise was sure to wake the baby and then she "yowled" too. That was what Jermicky said: "She yowls 'cause she's a gurrul, — boys holler and gurruls yowl."

Well, certainly all this was enough to make Mrs. Hickey declare that the little dogs must be put outside somewhere, and that was the reason the boys wanted to make the pen round the tree.

They each had an express wagon, and they drew them down to the road where the men were working, and picked up little stones that were chipped off the big ones that were used in the wall, and took them back to their little tree; but Jermicky's stones rattled out after he put them in, because his wagon had no tail-board. It did once have one, but it never was as good as Sam's: it wouldn't go out and in with the pins like a real tail-board; the cart didn't

tip up either, and Sam's did. Jermicky looked with envious eyes at Sam, who had a good load at the end of every trip; and when he pulled the pins from the tail-board and took the tail-board out, and took out the pin on the handle, and tipped up his wagon and shot out his load just as if it had been a real cart — then Jermicky felt that he couldn't bear it any longer.

"Say, lem'me have your cart, will you?" he said.

"No," said Sam, marching sturdily off for another load, "I want it myself."

"I want it too," said Jermicky.

"Well, you can't have it," said Sam; "it's mine."

Just at that minute Mrs. Floyd came driving down the avenue on her way to the village. She stopped a minute.

"What — not quarrelling, I hope," she said; "what's the trouble?"

"He wants my cart, mamma, 'cause it's got a tail-board and his hasn't, and I want it too."

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Floyd, "you must be kind and make a sacrifice. Come; you take Jermicky's cart, and let him use yours sometimes. You know you play in Jermicky's woodshed and he lets you."

Sam looked at his mother a minute and then said solemnly :

"I don't want to saccerrize, — it don't take two men to run a wagon, and Jermicky's woodshed holds me and him and the pups."

"Never mind," said Mrs. Floyd, smiling. "You know Jermicky needn't let you in there to play with him and the pups if he don't want to."

"Well," said Sam, with a long sigh, "I s'pose if he's determined to, he can take hold the other side o' the handle and help pull."

"No," said Jermicky, decidedly ; "I want to take out the tail-board and tip the loads my own self."

"Now be a kind boy, Sam, and lend it to him," said his mother.

And Sam said, "Well — once — he may drag it once — and I'll get in and drive the horse down to the gate."

"All right," said his mother, and Sam climbed up the low step and in beside her.

Just then Mrs. Hickey came to the door with the baby in her arms.

"Good-morning, ma'am," she said, "it's only a little tiff they've been havin' — they're mostly good friends."

"How's the baby?"

"Splendid, ma'am — see," and Mrs. Hickey stepped to the side of the carriage.

"Isn't she big!" said Mrs. Floyd, admiringly; "why, she's much larger than my boy, and he's two weeks older."

"Is she then?" said Mrs. Hickey, with great satisfaction.

"Perhaps we'd better change," said Mrs. Floyd, "as I've six boys and you've five girls and only one boy," and she gave Jimmy a little tap with the whip she held in her hand.

"Could you spare the baby, Jimmy?"

"I dun'no," he said, thoughtfully.

"Ours is a boy, you know," said Mrs. Floyd, "and then you'd have him to play with by and by."

"But ours is the biggest," said Jermicky.

"I don't think he wants to let her go, Mrs. Hickey," said Sam's mother. "I don't think we can exchange to-day," and she gathered up her reins.

"I like girls best," said Sam; "there's too many boys at our house."

"That's what Mr. Floyd says," said his mother; and then they drove off.

Sam was gone a good while, for he concluded to go down to the village with his mother, and Jernicky hauled several loads of stones, and when Sam came back and wanted his own cart it seemed very hard to give it up, and beside, he had a fine plan in his head.

"Sam," he said, "now I'm goin' to tell you somethin'. How wud yer like my baby for your baby, an' you gimme your cart for my cart?"

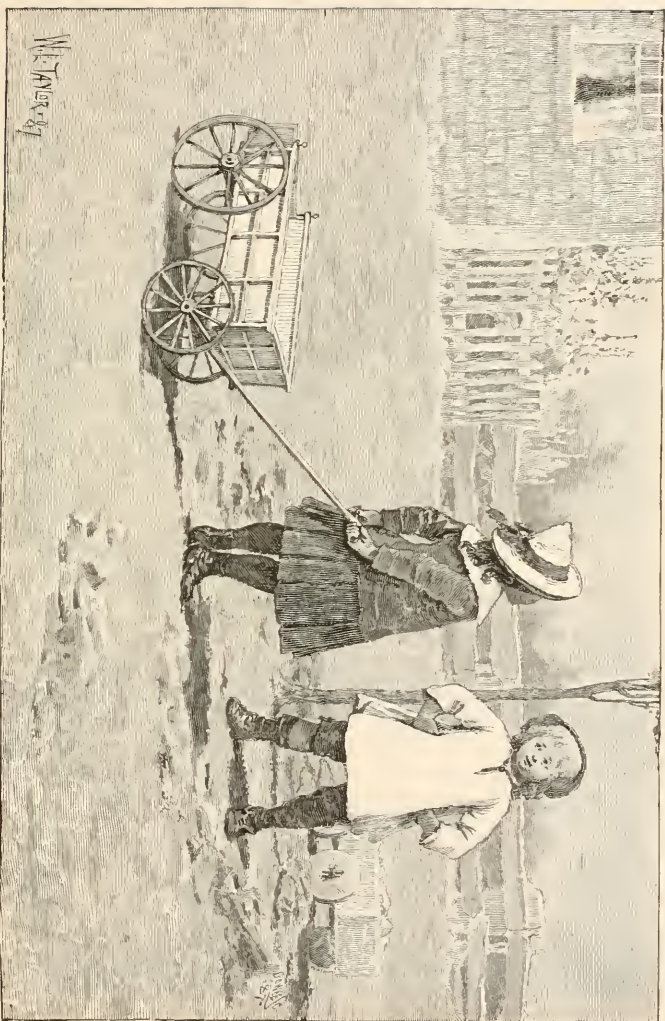
Jernicky stood opposite Sam, his hat pushed back on his head, a very determined expression on his freckled face, and a fist on each hip, and his feet stretched widely apart.

"My cracky!" said Sam, staring at him, "I don't no!"

"Yer see," said Jernicky, "me mother likes byes best, an' yer mother likes gurruls best — and moine's the biggest uv thim two, an' so I'd orter have the best cart when I give yer the best baby — yer see?"

Sam still stared at him.

"Well," he said slowly, after a while, "I'd like the girl — but girls, you know" — and he put his head on one side and looked meditative — "well, there ain't any girl as good as boys, an' our baby's a — well, he's a



JERMICKY MAKES A STARTLING PROPOSAL.

boy. No, I don't think I'd give you the cart for her. I might," he said, leaning his cheek on his hand, with his elbow on his knee as he sat with his back against a tree, — "I might, you see, if the cart didn't have a tail-board; an' it tips up, too."

Jermicky looked utterly disconsolate. Presently he had a happy thought.

"Does your baby yell nights?" he asked.

"You just better b'lieve he does," said Sam; "he wakes me up."

"All right," said Jermicky, artfully; "our gurrul, she don't yell, an' so yer see yer's be qu'iter like, nights."

"That's so," said Sam; "an' my father likes girls, too — yes, he does," he said; and Sam lifted his head and looked Jermicky in the eye. "He said if I'd been a girl he'd give me a pony — but I wouldn't, Jermicky — I really wouldn't. I'm just too crazy to wear breeches on my legs."

"Well," said Jermicky, decidedly, "yer know if yer don't have a gurrul in your house some time — p'raps you'll have to be one."

This awful prospect was almost too much for Sam, but

he still shook his head. "I couldn't do it," he said. Then he got up and took hold of the handle of his wagon.

Jermicky despaired — he resolved instantly, and without thinking of it before, to make his great sacrifice.

"Say, hold on!" he said; "I'll tell yer what I'll do, Sam. I'll give yer the littlest bull-pup!"

Sam dropped the handle. "Will yer, honest?"

"Yes — see me turn black if I don't!" said Jermicky.

The bull-pups were sound asleep in the box in the wood-house, cuddled close together, and they gave sharp yelps of dismay when they were suddenly hauled out and held up in the air, their poor, sleepy little heads rolling round in a very aimless way.

"I'll have this one," said Sam.

"I guess!" said Jermicky, indignantly; "he's the biggest."

"Oh, is he?" said Sam. "Well, gimme the other, then." And he put down the one he held.

Jermicky put the puppy in his arms, and Sam hugged it tenderly, and the puppy whined and struggled.

"Oh!" said Sam, "he's as slippery as — as anything. Say, you take the puppy an' I'll take the baby."

“Take the baby!” said Jermicky; “you bring yours first.”

“Hey!” said Sam. “What’s the use? Then I’ll have to walk up to the house twice and back. There’s your baby out in the wagon now. We’ll roll her up an’ take her out, an’ put ours in up there, an’ you’ll roll it home.”

“All right,” said Jermicky. “An’ we’ll leave the cart here.”

“Yes,” said Sam; “we’ll leave both carts, and I can get mine to-morrow.”

Jermicky looked puzzled. “You mean mine — my cart without any tail-board — don’t you, Sam?” he asked, anxiously.

“Yes, of course,” said Sam. “Come on, now; I’ll push the baby.”

So he reached up to the handle, and gently pushed the baby-wagon off the little grassy place where it stood, into the roadway.

It gave just a little jar to the carriage, and Miss Maggie Hickey woke up. She was a very nice, round, good-natured baby, between four and five months old,

and, as Mrs. Hickey said, "It's always good-natured that she wakes up." So Jermicky, trotting along beside her, saw her blue eyes open at first with a sleepy look, but in the next second a bright smile came all over her face, as she saw the little brother she knew so well leaning over her.

"Nice, good baby," said Jermicky. "Want to take a ride now?"

The baby threw up her arms, and gurgled away, half to herself and half to Jermicky, and Sam pushed the carriage steadily on. Little gleams and flickers of sunshine came filtering down between the leaves and boughs of the trees above them, and made bright, ever-changing patches of light on the blue blanket over baby. A gentle little breeze just lifted the rings of reddish hair over her forehead, for her cap was very much pushed back on her head; and a prettier, happier-looking baby it would have been hard to find anywhere.

Just then Mrs. Hickey looked out of the door. "Where're ye goin'?" she said. "If yer're goin' to ride the baby out, be careful and not go fast, an' don't go out o' sight."

Then she went in; for she was busy, and she was only too glad to have the boys roll the baby-carriage up and down under the trees, for they had often done it before. They went on until they turned the first curve in the road.

“Jermicky,” said Sam, “won’t she be s’prised when you bring back our baby?”

At this speech, for the first time a dreadful doubt entered Jermicky’s head; he wondered if his mother would like another baby quite as well as this one.

“I dun’no,” he said. “Does your baby know you when you talk?”

“I guess!” said Sam; “just as well as anything.”

“As well as this?” said Jermicky; and he held the puppy hugged fast to his neck with one hand while he put the other over the baby. She at once grabbed one of his fingers with a fat little hand. “See!” he said, with pride, “ain’t she just cumin’?”

Just then the puppy began a series of short, ear-splitting yelps; and the baby, frightened out of all propriety, burst into a private wail of her own.

“Oh, my cracky!” said Sam, “are they both going

to yell like that — both together? 'cause that'll give my mother a headache." And a dreadful doubt also came into Sam's head — but he looked lovingly at the puppy.

"Now, there — there — now, don't cry!" said Jermicky, soothingly, to the baby. "Now — now be a nice baby. Stop, you puppy! — Stop!" and he hugged and squeezed the puppy tighter, which made him yelp all the more.

"Oh, dear! dear!" said Jermicky; and real, big tears ran down his cheeks. "P'raps — p'raps she's homesick."

Sam dropped the handle, and came round and looked into the carriage with grave concern. "Do you s'pose so? Say, baby, here! Hi, now, hi!"

But the baby cried on; and who could blame her! She was scared half to death, poor little thing!

"Sam," sobbed Jermicky, "I'll — I'll make a saccersfis — and you can keep your old 'spress-cart, and I'll keep the baby, an' the pup too."

"Oh!" screamed Sam, in dismay; "you ain't goin' back on the pup, are you? Gimme the pup, an' I don't care for the baby. I'll keep my own baby."

But Jermicky was firm. "I couldn't do it," he said.

Sam stamped his foot. "Fellers never break off bargains," he said.

"I'm a-goin' home," said Jermicky; and, with the puppy in one arm, he tried with the other hand to turn the wagon about.

Sam made a plunge for the puppy, and for a minute the usually quiet road was the scene of a very noisy combat. The puppy yelped; the baby screamed; Sam and Jermicky roared as they pommelled one another; the dust flew; and how it would have ended no one can tell, for just at that minute Sam's brothers, Will and Ned, appeared round a turn in the road.

"See 'em at it!" cried Will; and he and Ned ran to separate them.

"What's the matter?" they both inquired as each held a ramping, yelling boy fast by the shoulders. The puppy was dropped in the struggle, and ran home as fast as it could, yelping all the way, while Sam and Jermicky explained the situation both together and at the top of their voices.

"I wanted — his — his — old 'spress cart," said Jermicky.

"An' — an' he wanted our baby, an' he said — yes, he

did too—he said he'd gimme his baby an' a bull-pup, an' I said I would—we've got too many boys—you know papa said so—an' then I went an' got his old baby way up here an' he says 'cause she hollers she's home-sick—an' now he won't—won't gimme the bull-pup."

"Oh, Christopher Columbus!" said Will, doubling over with laughter, "they've been swapping the babies, with a bull-pup to boot."

"An' a 'spress cart—my 'spress cart," said Sam eagerly; "it's got a tail-board—an' our baby—you know, Will, he's a boy baby—he's better'n this—she's only a girl. Now," he said, turning to Jernicky, "now you can take your old baby home. I won't do it either!"

"Oh! just hear him," said Will. "Anybody would think he owned our baby."

"So I do," said Sam, nodding his head and his curls so that the brim of his broad hat waved up and down,— "so I do—but I shan't change him now. I was going to make a saccerrif—'cause mamma said I ought to, but I won't now." And he turned on his heel and marched home as fast as he could go.

Will and Ned wheeled the baby back to her proper

home, and Jernicky ran before them, crying as loud as he could. He burst into the kitchen and flung himself at his mother, who happened to be making bread at the kitchen table. He clasped her round the knees and sobbed and roared.

"What in the world's the matter, Jimmy?" she asked.

"I brought her all back — I didn't sell her," he sobbed.

"Who — what — the baby?" said Mrs. Hickey, trying to get the dough off her hands. "Where is she?"

Just then she saw the baby all safe in her carriage — by that time quite smiling and happy, and Will and Ned behind her, laughing very hard. They told her the story as far as they knew it, and then Mrs. Hickey laughed till she cried.

But all that was nothing to the sensation Sam created when he tore into the nursery at home, banged both the doors and tried to shoot the bolts, and then threw himself on the bed where the baby was placidly taking a morning nap, screaming, "I'm awful sorry — I was goin' to sell him — an' I don't like bull-pups at all."

The baby woke up and cried — the nurse scolded Sam

and shut him up in the next room, and there he roared till he was tired, for his mother was out; and until the boys came home, breathless and laughing, no one knew what the trouble was. Then Sam was called out and



"YOU SEE, WE LIKE GIRLS BEST," SAID SAM'S FATHER.

comforted and made quite sure that no one was going to hold him to his bargain, and as he found Will had brought home his cart — tail-board and all — he was soon

happy again. But he left the cart at home when he next went to play with Jermicky.

Sam sat in his father's lap that night and told the story and kept his head down all the time, which was very lucky for Mr. Floyd, for he couldn't help laughing a little then; and afterwards when he sat on the piazza with Mrs. Floyd after Sam had gone to bed he laughed very much; but all he had said to Sam was: "Well, you see we like girls best if they come to our house first; but if they don't, why, we like the boys best that we have right here,"—and he gave Sam a good hug.

"Did you want the bull-pup very much, Sam?" he asked.

"I wanted him most awfully much," said Sam.

But a week after Sam ceased to long for a bull-pup, for one day a Scotch terrier came in a box to their house, and his name was Pepper.

Pepper and the bull-pups grew up in peace—possibly it was because they lived in different houses and saw but little of one another; and Sam and Jermicky grew up in peace, although they saw a great deal of one another, but neither of them will ever forget the day when they each made a great "saccerrize."



THE LITTLE ROUND-SHOULDERED GIRLS.

IN San Rafael,
As I've heard tell,
From early until late,
Three maids are there,
Who, sweet and fair,
Will yet not sit up straight.

'Twould make you weep,
Aye, lose your sleep,
To watch those children three;
E'en strangers sigh
In passing by
Such shoulders round to see.

Teachers severe
Go wild, my dear,
To make them sit upright;
In vain they storm,
For each small form
Remains a perfect fright!
This is the way,
Some future day,
These children will appear;
Crooked and old,
And each a scold—
Thus they will look, my dear!



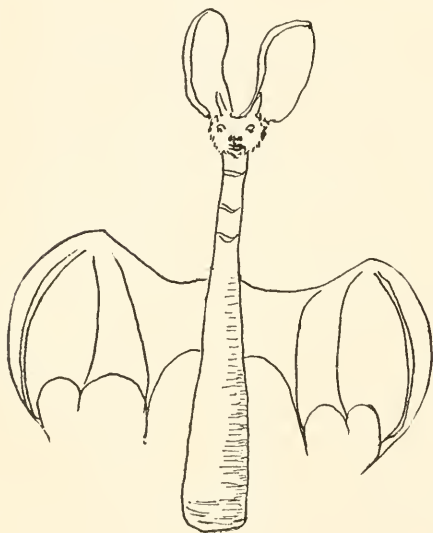
THE NONSENSE MENAGERIE.

THE marvellous animals in this Nonsense Menagerie were collected by children in the jungles of fancy and the forests of imagination. The descriptions, which out-Barnum Bailey in wealth of language, were written by children, and the drawings were also made by them. This entire menagerie is, indeed, "a unique aggregation of juvenile invention," which would do justice to Edward Lear, who made the first collection of Nonsense animals, and would be welcomed by Alice in Wonderland, as worthy successors to the Jabberwock and blood relations to the Snark.

THE BATTERFLY.

The poor Batterflies are a family who seem to get nothing but knocks. They are always blundering around, bumping against trees, tearing their wings, getting terrified at the Bugbear, and having their dinner of baseballs snatched away just when they are hungriest. One poor Batterfly had a tale to tell that outdid all the sad stories of

the others. One day after an unusually hard time he had furred his wings, drawn in his head, and gone to sleep under



a hedge. Along came a little boy who pounced suddenly upon him. "Three cheers!" shouted the boy; "Tom, I've found my bat!" That poor Batterfly was picked up and played baseball with for two hours. For weeks he couldn't unfold his wings at all. He never got over it, but to this day flops mournfully around, relating, over and over again, his tale of woe.

THE WELSH RABBIT.

The Welsh Rabbit is wild and shy. Its head is composed of a lump of butter, its body of bits of cheese, and its legs of stout crusts. Its shoes are hobnailed and thick, and it uses them to a dire effect. At twelve o'clock it creeps out,

and flapping its great ears, begins a wild dance on the heads of those who have been indulging too freely in a late supper. It lives on bits of cake and candy which people carry up to their rooms at night. It is said to be exceedingly partial to school-girls.

THE LEM-ME BEE.

The Lem-me bee is of the whining genus. She is continually thumping her play-fellows and drawling, "Lem-me bee!" with such a whine that they put their fingers in their ears and flee. She eats a great deal, living entirely on punches. She,

also, is a connection of the Hum Bug, and these two have pitched battles whenever they meet. One would think



that if "the king who never smiled again" could see one of their quarrels he would not only smile, but laugh outright. Miss Bee advances and thumps the Hum Bug so stoutly on the nose that he weeps,



with little oily tears. He, clumsy fellow, tries to curl his tail around her and flaps fiercely with his wings, striking her first forward, then back. But he is always defeated, for his nose is his tender point.



THE CATERPILLAR.

This animal is the most curious of all the strange animals

of Australia, where it is found. It laughs beautifully and speaks ten languages. The natives of Australia like to hear it laugh so much that they frequently offer to buy it new stockings, if it will laugh them to sleep nights. A Caterpillar was found some years ago in New Jersey, but it was a very inferior one, and could not laugh.

THE COCK-HORSE.

This animal lives in the nursery. It barks shins. It feeds on tin soldiers and dolls' eyes.



THE BUG-BEAR.



This is a Bug-bear. If you eat too much plum-cake you will see it some night.

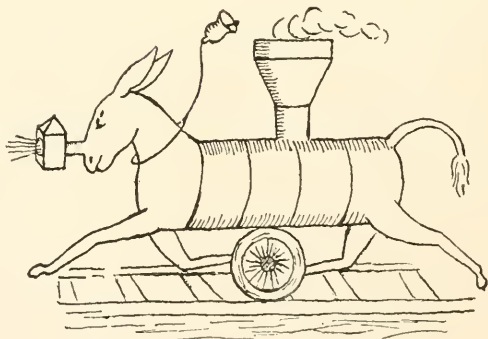


THE MONKBACO.

The Monkbaco lives on the Equator. Its distinguishing feature is its curled neck, of which it is very vain. The male only is permitted to wear two coils in it. The bird is very wise and can sing ravishingly. The Jenny Lind of the Equator is a Monkbaco.

THE LOCOMUE.

Beware of this animal, whose terrific speed and tough hide enable it to smash every engine it collides with. There are three in existence, and they always travel by rail.



THE GRASSHOPPER.

The Grasshopper travels very swiftly, with long flying leaps. It is always found near the seashore, and is supposed to live upon seaweed. Its habits are not very well known to naturalists, we are sorry to say.



THE WIND-BIRD.

The Wind-Bird has been found in every explored part of the world, on both land and water, with the exception of the zone of calms.



The bird is invisible excepting when examined through the strongest imaginascope. Its invisibility is not due to its size, as it is sometimes found as large as an elephant, — though some varieties are no larger than the common honey-bee, — but to the fact that its only food is air, which renders it very airy. Although the birds cannot be seen by the naked eye, their presence can always be detected. You can feel them driving the air against you; where they are present in sufficient quantities inanimate things appear to gain life; and their wings produce a whistling sound.

The Wind-Bird never sings, the noise of its beating the air being the only sound it makes.

When a large number of Wind-Birds travel together, they often do great damage to anything that may be in their path. They can tear buildings to pieces, uproot trees, uplift the *débris*, people, and animals into their midst, carrying them until the flock disperses, when the law of gravitation asserts itself and they drop to the ground.

There are domesticated varieties of the bird which are of inestimable use to man. They are trained to draw water, drive ships through the seas, and do many kinds of labor.

THE DOOD-ROOSTER.

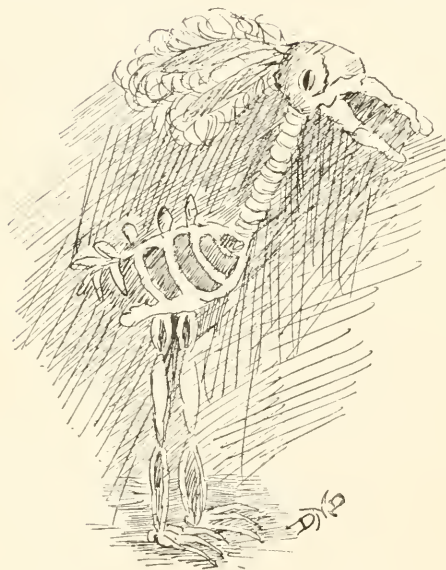
This animal inhabits the unexplored portion of Africa. It is about seven feet high. It appears unexpectedly before exploration parties and terrifies them by its singular actions, screaming meanwhile with a voice which resembles a disordered hand-organ. The only way it can be driven is by throwing hats at it, whereupon it disappears, but returns afterwards and carries the hats to its den and stacks them up inside. Its food is principally sardine cans and ginger-beer bottles; but it is not particular, and will eat anything which has contained food or drink. It is said that not one of these animals has ever been captured.



THE SKELETONAVIS.

This remarkable bird is found only in Arctic regions. But one specimen has been found, though naturalists

agree in saying that there is no doubt of their existence in large numbers in the immediate vicinity of the North Pole. Its food is snow and ice. It is extremely shy, and were it not for the tuft of brilliant scarlet feathers which adorn the back of its head, it could not be seen, for its bones are a dazzling white, and do not show even when it is within ten feet of its pursuer.



THE BOOM-KANG-ERANG.

This beautiful little animal is a native of Central Australia. It is very rare, and is believed to be nearly

extinct. When attacked it becomes dangerous, as it can throw its shoes a long distance, after which they turn around and come back.

The natives hunt this animal for the sake of its feathers, which are worn as an emblem of royalty by the chiefs of their tribes. Its voice is not musical, but serves to inform the natives of its whereabouts.



THE PRIDE-FOWL.

The Pride-Fowl is a beautiful bird, which sometimes resembles the pea-fowl. It is more gorgeous than the Bird of Paradise. It is very rare, and is found only in the Eastern and Western Hemispheres. It has very little brain. Its only food is flattery. It sings sweetly when

fed abundantly. This bird often carries a hand mirror in one hand, and when closely occupied looking at its own



image is liable to fall from the limb of the tree or whatever it may be perched on. This fact suggested the old saying, "Pride goeth before a fall."

THE HOMO-PIG.

The Homo-Pig is a native of America, England, Mexico — and all other countries. Its color may be either white, black, yellow, brown, or copper-colored. Its head resembles a porker pig's, while its body is like that of a human being. It is sometimes intelligent, and may be taught many things. It is a herbivorous and carnivorous animal, and will eat almost anything else. Its chief characteristic is its prodigious appetite and its disposition to

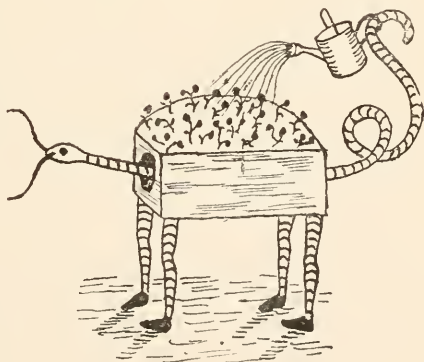
have the most and best of everything, regardless of the rights of others. We were told the other day of a young Homo-Pig not more than four feet high that can



consume as much as the hired man at each feed, besides eating almost continually between meals of apples, nuts, turnips, candies, slippery-elm and cinnamon barks, and other odds and ends.

THE GARDEN SNAKE.

This is a curious reptile of Brazil, famous for its growth of flowers, of which it takes extreme care. It bites if an attempt is made to pluck one. It stands in one spot for twenty years, at the ex-





The amount of food this disagreeable bird devours throughout the day is unknown. It is all mouth, and is constantly asking for more.

piration of which time it disappears, but the box framework and the legs are left.

THE PEN-PECKER.

This bird is sometimes found in lawyers' shops, and lives on gnashed teeth and lemon drops.

THE SWALLOWALL.





Chapman
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THE DISCONSOLATE ELF AND HIS SURPRISE PARTY.

THE ELF'S SURPRISE PARTY.

THE little brown elf, from his favorite shelf,
Sighed as he watched the sea,
And softly cried to the lapsing tide:
“My friends have deserted me.

“Were I pea-green, or a sky-blue pink,
Or a sunlight golden to make them wink,
Or the beautiful hue of a lobster's shell
That has swung in that curious, coppery bell
By the fisherman's hut in the neighboring dell—
I think they'd remember me!”

So he kept his eyes on
The far horizon—
This elf whom his friends played a great surprise on!

THE BARLEY CANDY BOY.

O THE Barley Candy Boy! O the Barley Candy Boy!
Who lived in the toy-man's window, 'tis little he
had of joy!

For he could not eat a bit of sweet, nor any sugar at all,
Unless he ran a fearful risk of being a cannibal.



VERY MARVELLOUS.

SUCH wondrous sight was never seen,
Great Hodge, the jester, cries,
“And I can bring the thing I mean
Before your very eyes.
Last week I saw it in the lake,
A fish it seemed to be;
To-day, the thing — my head I’ll stake —
Had legs like you and me.”

“O Hodge!” the little maiden cried,
“You tell a foolish tale.”

“Come see it, then,” her friend replied,
“Before you jeer and rail.”

Through dust and heat he led her where
A frog sat on a log.

“Last week,” cried Hodge, “that creature there
Was just — *a pollywog.*”





THE JESTER.

"O HODGE!" THE LITTLE MAIDEN CRIED, "YOU TELL A FOOLISH TALE."

THE REWARDS OF INDUSTRY.

IN China, under the Tang dynasty, early in the seventh century of the Christian era, lived a learned and virtuous but poor mandarin who had three sons, — Fu-su, Tu-sin, and Wang-li. Fu-su and Tu-sin were young men of active minds, always laboring to find out something new and useful. Wang-li was clever too, but only in games of skill, in which he attained great proficiency.

Fu-su and Tu-sin continually talked to each other of the wonderful inventions they would make when they arrived at man's estate, and of the wealth and renown they promised themselves thereby. Their conversation seldom reached the ears of Wang-li, for he rarely lifted his eyes from the chess-board on which he solved his problems. But their father was more attentive, and one day he said :

“I fear, my sons, that among your multifarious pursuits and studies you must have omitted to include that of the laws of your country, or you would have learned

that fortune is not to be acquired by the means which you have proposed to yourselves."

"How so, father?" they asked.

"It hath been justly deemed by our ancestors," said the old man, "that the reverence due to the great men who are worshipped in our temples, by reason of our indebtedness to them for the arts of life, could not but become impaired if their posterity were suffered to eclipse their fame by new discoveries, or presumptuously amend what might appear imperfect in their productions. It is, therefore, by an edict of the Emperor Suen, forbidden to invent anything; and by a statute of the Emperor Wu-chi it is further provided that nothing hitherto invented shall be improved. My predecessor in the small office I hold was deprived of it for saying that in his judgment money ought to be made round instead of square, and I have myself run risk of my life for seeking to combine a small file with a pair of tweezers."

"If this is the case," said the young men, "our fatherland is not the place for us." And they embraced their father, and departed.

Of their brother Wang-li they took no farewell, inasmuch as he was absorbed in a chess problem. Before separating, they agreed to meet on the same spot after thirty years, with the treasure which they doubted not to have acquired by the exercise of their inventive faculties in foreign lands. They further covenanted that if either had missed his reward the other should share his possessions with him.

Fu-su repaired to the artists who cut out characters in blocks of hard wood, to the end that books may be printed from the same. When he had fathomed their mystery he betook himself to a brass-founder, and learned how to cast in metal. He then sought a learned man who had travelled much, and made himself acquainted with the Greek, Persian, and Arabic languages. Then he cast a number of Greek characters in type, and putting them into a bag and providing himself with some wooden tablets of his own carving, he departed to seek his fortune. After innumerable hardships and perils he arrived in the land of Persia, and inquired for the great king.

“The great king is dead,” they told him, “and his



WANG-LI AND HIS CHESS-BOARD.

head is entirely separated from his body. There is now no king in Persia, great or small."

"Where shall I find another great king?" demanded he.

"In the city of Alexandria," replied they, "where the commander of the faithful is busy introducing the religion of the prophet."

Fu-su passed to Alexandria, carrying his types and tablets. As he entered the gates he remarked an enormous cloud of smoke, which seemed to darken the whole of the city. Before he could inquire the reason, the guard arrested him as a stranger, and conducted him to the presence of the Caliph Omar.

"Know, O Caliph," said Fu-su, "that my countrymen are at once the wisest of mankind and the stupidest. They have invented an art for the preservation of letters and the diffusion of knowledge, which the sages of Greece and India never knew, but they have not learned to take, and they refuse to be taught how to take, the one little step further necessary to render it generally profitable to mankind."

And producing his tablets and types, he explained



FU-SU AND THE COURT PHYSICIAN.

to the Caliph the entire mystery of the art of printing.

"Thou seemest to be ignorant," said Omar, "that we have but yesterday condemned and excommunicated all books, and banished the same from the face of the earth, seeing that they contain either that which is contrary to the Koran, in which case they are impious, or that which is agreeable to the Koran, in which case they are superfluous. Thou art further unaware, as it would seem, that the smoke which shrouds the city proceeds from the library of the unbelievers, consumed by our orders. It will be meet to burn thee along with it."

"Oh, commander of the faithful," said an officer, "of a surety the last scroll of the accursed ceased to flame even as this infidel entered the city."

"If it be so," said Omar, "we will not burn him, seeing that we have taken away from him the occasion to sin. Yet shall he swallow these little brass amulets of his, at the rate of one a day, and then be banished from the country."

The sentence was executed, and Fu-su was happy that the court physician condescended to accept his little property in exchange for emetics.

He begged his way, slowly and painfully, back to China, and arrived at the covenanted spot at the expiration of the thirtieth year.

His father's modest dwelling had disappeared, and in



THE BROTHERS EMBRACED.

its place stood a magnificent mansion, around which stretched a park, with pavilions, canals, willow-trees, golden pheasants, and little bridges.

"Tu-sin has surely made his fortune," thought he,

“and he will not refuse to share it with me agreeably to our covenant.”

As he thus reflected he heard a voice at his elbow, and turning round perceived that one in a more wretched plight than himself was asking alms of him. It was Tu-sin.

The brothers embraced with many tears, and after Tu-sin had learned Fu-su's history, he proceeded to recount his own.

“I repaired,” said he, “to those who know the secrets of the grains termed fire-dust, which Suen has not been able to prevent us from inventing, but of which Wu-chi has taken care that we shall make no use, save only for fireworks. Having learned this mystery, I deposited a certain portion of this fire-dust in hollow tubes which I had constructed of iron and brass, and upon it I further laid leaden balls of a size corresponding to the hollow of the tubes. I then found that by applying a light to the fire-dust at one end of the tube, I could send the ball out at the other with such force that it penetrated the cuirasses of three warriors at once. I filled a barrel with the dust, and concealing it and the tubes under

carpets which I laid upon the backs of oxen, I set out to the city of Constantinople. I will not at present relate my adventures on the journey.

“Suffice it that I arrived at last, half dead from fatigue and hardship, and destitute of everything except my merchandise. By bribing an officer with my carpets I was admitted to have speech with the Emperor. I found him busily studying a problem in chess.

“I told him that I had discovered a secret which would make him the master of the world, and in particular would help him to drive away the Saracens, who threatened his empire with destruction.

“‘Thou must perceive,’ he said, ‘that I cannot possibly attend to thee until I have solved this problem. Yet, lest any should say that the Emperor neglects his duties, absorbed in idle amusement, I will refer thy invention to the chief armorers of my capital.’ And he gave me a letter to the armorers, and returned to his problem. And as I quitted the palace bearing the missive, I came upon a great procession. Horsemen and running footmen, musicians, heralds, and banner-bearers surrounded a Chinaman who sat in the attitude of Fo

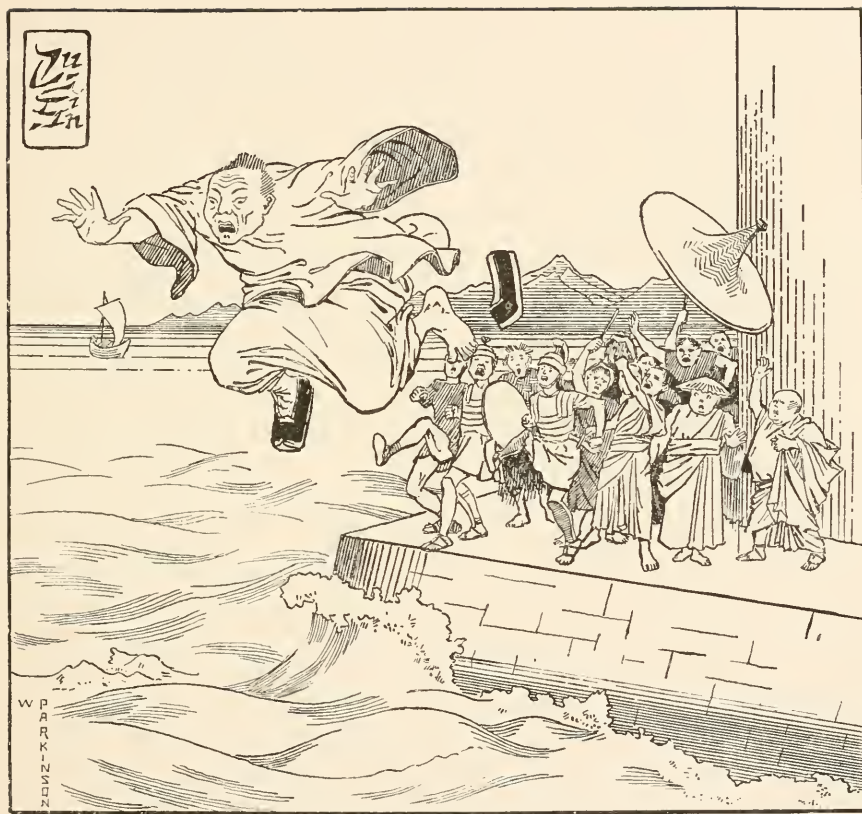
under a golden umbrella upon a richly caparisoned elephant, his pigtail plaited with yellow roses. And the musicians blew and clashed, and the standard-bearers waved their ensigns, and the heralds proclaimed, 'Thus shall it be done to the man whom the Emperor delights to honor.' And unless I was very greatly mistaken, the face of the Chinaman was the face of our brother Wang-li.

"At another time I would have striven to find what this might mean, but my impatience was great, as also my need and hunger. I sought the chief armorers and with great trouble brought them all together to give me audience. I produced my tube and fire-dust, and sent my balls with ease through the best armor they could set before me.

"'Who will want breastplates now?' cried the chief breastplate maker.

"'Or helmets?' exclaimed one who made armor for the head.

"'I would not have taken fifty bezants for that shield, and what good is it now?' said the head of the shield trade.



TU-SIN DEPARTS FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

“‘My swords will be of less account,’ said a sword-smith.

“‘My arrows of none,’ lamented an arrow-maker.

“‘’Tis villany,’ cried one.

“‘’Tis magic,’ shouted another.

“‘’Tis illusion, as I’m an honest tradesman,’ roared a third, and put his integrity to the proof by thrusting a hot iron bar into my barrel. All present rose up in company with the roof of the building, and all perished except myself, who escaped with the loss of my hair and skin. A fire broke out on the spot, and consumed one-third of the city of Constantinople.

“’Twas lying on a prison-bed some time afterwards, partly recovered of my hurts, dolefully listening to a dispute between two of my guards as to whether I ought to be burned or buried alive, when the Imperial order for my disposal came down. The jailers received it with humility, and read, ‘Kick him out of the city.’ Marvelling at the mildness of the punishment, they nevertheless executed it with so much zeal that I flew into the middle of the Bosphorus, where I was picked up by a fishing-vessel, and landed on the Asiatic coast, whence

I have begged my way home. I now propose that we appeal to the pity of the owner of this splendid mansion, who may compassionate us on hearing that we were reared in the cottage which has been pulled down to make room for his palace."

They entered the gates, walked timidly up to the house, and prepared to fall at the feet of the master, but did not, for ere they could do so they recognized their brother Wang-li.

It took Wang-li some time to recognize them, but when at length he knew them he hastened to provide for their every want. When they had well eaten and drunk, and had been clad in robes of honor, they imparted their histories and asked for his.

"My brothers," said Wang-li, "the whole game of chess, which was happily invented long before the time of the Emperor Suen, was followed by me solely for its pleasure, and I dreamed not of acquiring wealth by its pursuit until I casually heard one day that it was entirely unknown to the people of the West. Even then I thought not of making money, but conceived so deep a compassion for those forlorn barbarians that I felt I

could know no rest until I should have enlightened them.

"I accordingly proceeded to the city of Constantinople, and was received as a messenger from Heaven.



THE NEW PALACE.

"To such effect did I labor that ere long the Emperor and his officers of state thought of nothing else but playing chess all day and night, and the empire fell into entire confusion, and the Saracens mightily prevailed. In consideration of these services the Emperor was pleased to bestow

those distinguished honors upon me which thou didst witness at his palace gate, dear brother.

"After, however, the fire which was occasioned through thy instrumentality, though in no respect by thy fault, the

people murmured and taxed the Emperor with seeking to destroy his capital in league with a foreign sorcerer, meaning thee. Ere long the chief officers conspired, and entered the Emperor's apartment, purposing to dethrone him, but he declared that he would in no wise abdicate until he had finished the game of chess he was then playing with me. They looked on, grew interested, began to



“THE FORTY CORN SHIPS.”

dispute with one another respecting the moves, and while they wrangled loyal officers entered and made them all captive. This greatly augmented my credit with the Emperor, which was even increased when shortly afterwards I played with the Saracen admiral Saaud, who was blockading the Hellespont, and won of him forty corn-ships, which turned the dearth of the city into plenty.

“The Emperor bade me choose any favor I would, but I said his liberality had left me nothing to ask for except the life of a poor countryman of mine who I had heard

was in prison for burning the city. The Emperor bade me write his sentence with my own hand. Had I known that it was thou, Tu-sin, believe me I had shown more consideration for thy person. At length



THE SARACEN ADMIRAL.

I departed for my native land, loaded with wealth, and travelling most comfortably by relays of swift dromedaries.

"I returned hither, bought our father's cottage, and on its site erected this palace, where I dwell meditating on the problems of chess-players and the precepts of the sages, and persuaded that a little thing which the world is willing to receive is better than a great thing which it hath not yet learned to value aright. For the world is a big child, and chooses amusement before instruction."

"Call you chess an amusement?" asked his brothers.

TID-BITS.

THERE once was a bird called a Bustard,
So furiously fond of a custard,
That he'd beat up the eggs
With his feather-edged legs,
And eat 'em with pepper and mustard!

THERE was an old man of Toulouse,
Who lived on cold cranberry juice;
But he ate it so raw,
That it twisted his jaw —
So they pickled that man of Toulouse.

THE GORY GORILLA.

A STORY OF THE DARK CONTINENT.



(The African Complainant.)

O the north of the River Zambesi,
To the west of the brook of Cham-
besi,

Where the big lake Nyanza
Flows down by 'Mutanza,
As if playing a game of Parchesi—
To the east of Ujiji and Karo.

In the province of Tanganymaro
(Where the crocodile ambles
While taking his rambles),
There rises Mount Kilima-Njaro.

Here lived a tremendous gorilla;
A monster quite able to kill a
Hyena at least;
And the skin of the beast

Was like dried orange peel from Manilla !
 'Twas tough ; and so wrinkled and yellow,
 That the very first sight of the fellow

Would set you a-quaking,
 And trembling and shaking,
 ing,
 Before he was able to bellow.

He had come from the country of Congo,
 Where a hunter while drawing a long bow
 Had killed off his mother,

His father and brother,
 On the beautiful banks of the Quango ;

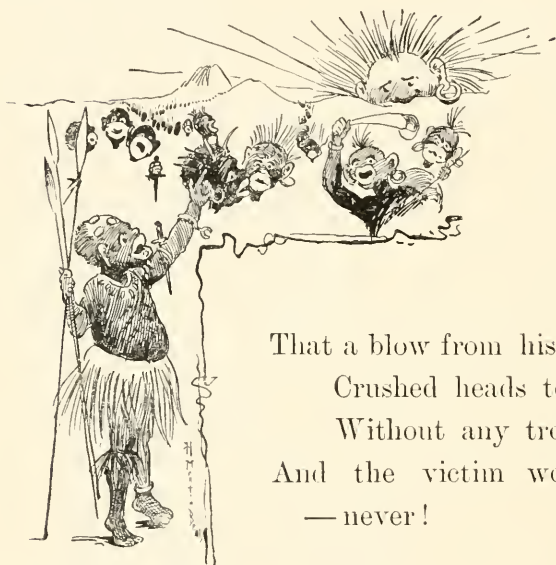
Whence, vowing a vengeance terrific,

In language most choice and specific,
 Like a blizzard on-rushing
 He was killing and crushing,
 In a style the reverse of pacific.



(Mr. G. Gorilla shouteth defiance.)

He everywhere forcibly stated
That anything human he hated;



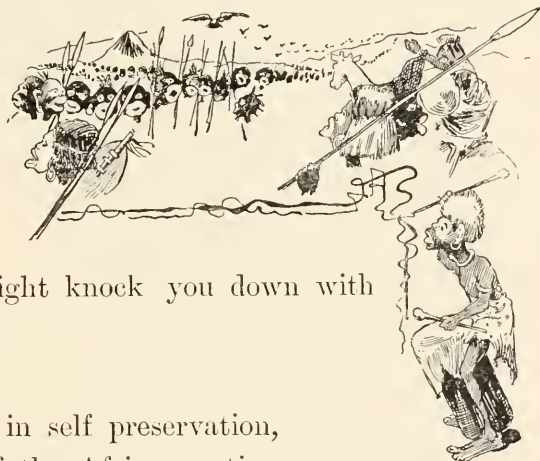
(The African Nations

And whatever it
may be,
A man or a
baby,
So soon as he saw
it, was fated.
For he was so
awfully clever

That a blow from his fist like a lever,
Crushed heads to a bubble
Without any trouble,
And the victim would breathe again
— never !

I could write in this manner for ages,
And fill up a hundred odd pages
With the harrowing story
Most tragic and gory
Of the tantrums he cut in his rages;

But I'd rather just group them together;
 For, if you were tougher than leather,
 The numbers
 he'd serve
 so,
 Would shake
 your poor
 nerve so,
 That they might knock you down with
 a feather.



Vow vengeance.)

At last, just in self preservation,
 The whole of the African nation,
 From sands of Sahara
 To plains of Bambarra,
 Whatever their rank or their station —
 From lordly Dahomeys of Guinea,
 To Hottentots woolly and skinny,
 Each vowed he would kill a
 Great gory gorilla,
 Or be branded at once as a ninny.

They gathered together like sparrows;
They fought him with spears and with arrows;
 With shouts and with groaning,
 With sticks and with stoning,
With everything pointed that harrows;
With backbones of whales and of gudgeons;
With slings, and with knives, and with bludgeons;
 With stone-headed hammers,
 And flint-pointed rammers —
But he laughed at them all as curmudgeons.

He openly scoffed and defied them;
He'd laugh, and he'd chaff, and deride them;
 Then he snatched up gigantic
 Great stones with mad antic,
And into the midst of 'em shied them;
He'd drop on their heads from the edges
Of steep and precipitous ledges,
 And with a wild yell he
 Would crush them to jelly,
Then spring out of sight in the hedges.

He might have gone on with these gory
Manœuvres until he was hoary,



(A tremendous fight ensued, but Mr. Gorilla getteth the best of it.)

But the tale would be too long,
So here's the *dénouement*



(The noble Briton appeareth on the scene.)

(That's French for "the end of the story").
One day a hot-blooded young stranger,

A regular round-the-world ranger,
A thoroughbred scion
Of the old British lion,
Appeared in the midst of the danger.

He held in his right hand a rifle,
A gold-mounted, steel-barrelled trifle ;

He said he could nick off
A leaf or a stick off
At two thousand feet, or he'd stifle !
Then, loading with powder and ball
up,

He shouted, in order to call up
This monster so hairy,
So wild and so scary,
Convinced that its chances were all up.

One instant — then swift as a rocket,
With eyes bursting out of their socket,
With swift fury swelling,
And hoarse voice out-yelling,
Before you could say Davy Crockett —
The chimpanzee sprang from the bushes,

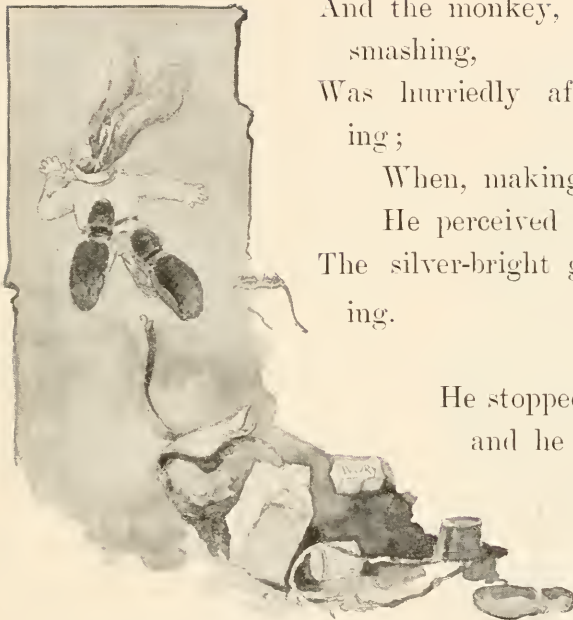


(The ball reboundeth.)

And, strong with the passion that crushes,
Came up like a lion,
His new foe to fly on,
And break him to pieces, like rushes.

The hunter took aim at his forehead
— I think this was perfectly horrid —
And singed his top hair off
While trying to scare off
This foe with complexion so torrid;
But he knew not how hard 'twas to kill a
Most frantic and fractious gorilla —
A regular duffer,
Whose hide is much tougher
Than dried orange peel from Manilla!

The ball, like a rubber, rebounded;
The man, with a fear too well grounded,
Swift dropping his gun
Started off on a run,
While his cries through the forest resounded;



(The noble Briton disappeareth.)

And the monkey, prepared to do
smashing,
Was hurriedly after him dash-
ing;

When, making a bound,
He perceived on the ground
The silver-bright gun-barrel flash-
ing.

He stopped, and he stared,
and he touched it;

He lifted, he
looked, and
he clutched
it;

Then, curiously eying,
And nervously trying,
Right up to his eyeballs he rushed it;
Till, nothing his action deterring,
His foot touched the trigger unerring—
The bullet was sped,

He was shot through the head
And he tumbled as dead as a herring!

.



Thus, by so simple an action
Of the natural laws of attraction,

This creature so furious,
So strong and so curious,
Was smashed like a ray in refraction;

When, if he had only been
wiser,

Or had listened to some
good adviser,

He'd be living to-day,

Gallant, gory,

and gray,

As proud as a
king or a
kaiser.

(Mr. G. Gorilla investigateth the rifle.)

The moral that follows is this :

You

Must never neglect the main
issue,

Nor pause in your run,

Once the race is begun,

For fear the successes may
miss you.

However allurements may
glitter,

Be sure, it is better and fitter
To go straight at your
aim,

And make sure of your
game,

Or Failure your days will em-
bitter !



(The world rejoiceth.)

THE GINGER-POP COMPANY.

IN a pretty cottage near a town lived a peaceable old woman named Abra, with her granddaughter Lois. There was an apple orchard at one side of the cottage, and, in a field near by, she raised vegetables and herbs; but she chiefly made her income by selling ginger-pop, which she was most famous at making. Some of the people of the town had long envied Abra her knowledge, not thinking of the work and thought that it had cost her to get it.

When Abra had made a snug fortune she offered to take some apprentices to learn to make ginger-pop, but they must agree to work with her not less than one year. Now when the people of the town heard that to learn to make good ginger-pop would take a year, they declared Abra a miser and a most unkind and selfish person. Having talked themselves warm and excited, they hired a brass band and marched out to the cottage to persuade Abra into teaching them how to make good ginger-pop "right away."

Abra had a bad attack of rheumatism, and was only able to sit up in her great arm-chair; but Lois made a speech to the people out of a window, and begged them to go away and not worry her grandmother.

Then the town Butcher made a speech in reply, saying there was nothing more easy to do than to make ginger-pop — anybody could do it as easy as that — and the Butcher snapped his fingers. The Baker agreed with the Butcher; and the Candlestick-maker declared if he wasn't told the recipe that very minute, they would all go home and make their own ginger-pop!

"Please do so," said Lois, "my grandmother is not at all particular about selling the people any more ginger-pop."

"All right! We will show you!" declared the Butcher, the Baker, and the Candlestick-maker; and, after having laid a perpetual injunction upon Abra to sell no more pop, they headed the procession and marched back to town. Though they hadn't the first idea how ginger-pop was made, they told the people to buy plenty of ginger, and offered a pair of brass candlesticks, a sack of flour and a roast of meat, annually, to the first one, and his heirs

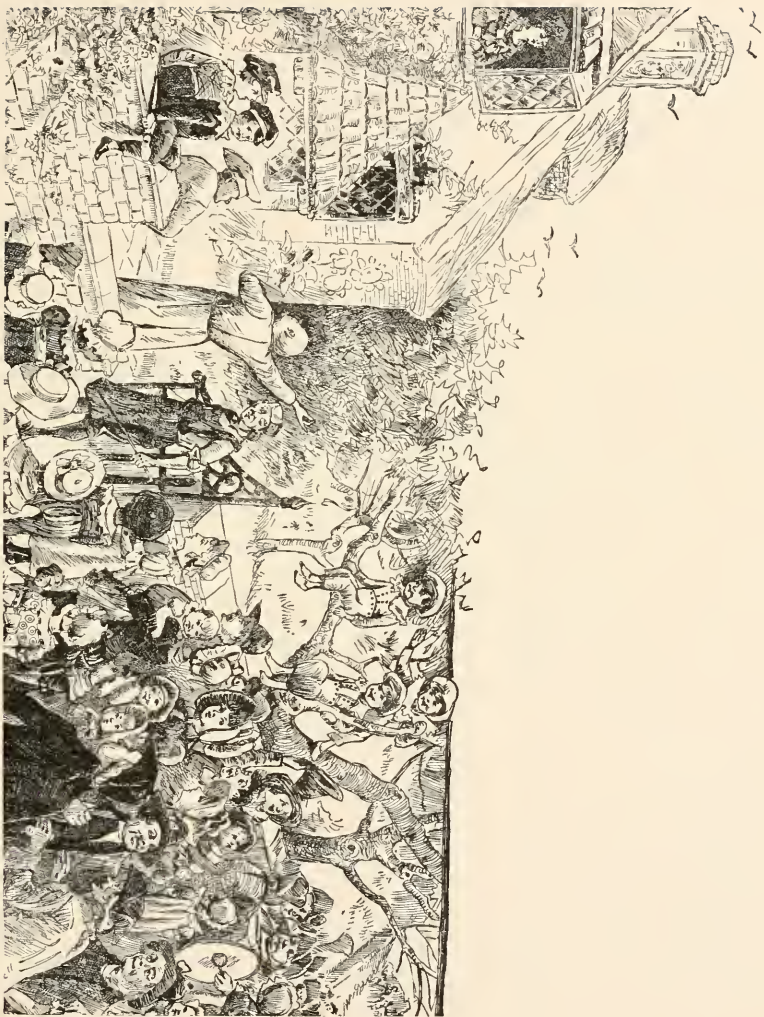
forever, who should discover how to make a good pop. The mason, the cobbler, the bellows-mender, and many other artisans at once quit their trades and began trying to make ginger-pop. The stirring and mixing of messes, and spoiling of ginger, that went on in that little town was wonderful to see. What a burning of fingers! What a choking with smoke! What a boiling over of stuff! What a smarting and scalding of throats! What flayed and ruined stomachs!

"We must see that old Abra doesn't hear of this," cautioned the Butcher, the Baker, and the Candlestick-maker, who called themselves "The Ginger-pop Company."

"Let us watch the cottage," said the Butcher, "that no customers go to her on the sly. If we are all deprived of the beverage long enough, we shall be driven to produce some sort of drinkable pop, and then our fortunes are made.

So the three partners of the Ginger-pop Company went out to Abra's cottage, and climbed over into the orchard to watch in the shade of the apple-trees.

Toward evening, however, they grew weary, also anxious to learn how the amateur brewers were getting along.



THE PEOPLE DEMAND THE GINGER-POP RECIPE.

"If we set up three scarecrows behind these trees," said the Butcher, "we can go, for Abra and Lois would still believe themselves under guard."

"A capital idea!" exclaimed the Baker. "and I will go fetch a bundle of hay. Each of us can stuff his overalls, coat, and hat with hay, and stand them up by a tree."

"And I will cut some stout switches for the guards to hold," said the Candlestick-maker.

"Would they think we really meant to beat people?" objected the Baker. "When my little boy was so sick no one was kinder to us than Abra: and I wouldn't have her or Lois actually harmed or very severely scared for a good many loaves. I don't object to a Ginger-pop Company, of course, because we all know Abra has money enough. But when it comes to switches" —

"Nobody means to harm anybody," laughed the Candlestick-maker. "Will three scarecrows holding switches harm anybody?"

"Of course not," interposed the Butcher. "Come, Baker! don't be chicken-hearted."

“Well,” admitted the Baker, “I suppose the cottage must appear to be under guard, else thirsty people will come here in their desperation.”



THE THREE JOLLY SAILORS.

When the Baker returned with the hay the scarecrows were fixed with switches where hands should be, and then stationed boldly under the apple-trees. Then, having declared their representatives to look very fierce and natural, the Ginger-pop Company hurried back to town.

Soon after they had left, three jolly sailors came riding on donkeys up to Abra's cottage to buy ginger-pop. They had started out early for this purpose—as soon as their ship had touched port—having been thirsting ever since leaving the Mediterranean a year previous.

Despite the perpetual injunction, Lois invited them to tie their donkeys in the orchard, and then to come into the cottage to rest and refresh themselves.



CRIED THE COBBLER, "I HAVE
WON THE PRIZE!"

As the Ginger-pop Company neared the town they saw the people standing at their doors and seeming to be watching for them. The cobbler's house was the first they had to pass, and before the door was reached out came the cobbler with a bucket of some smoking stuff

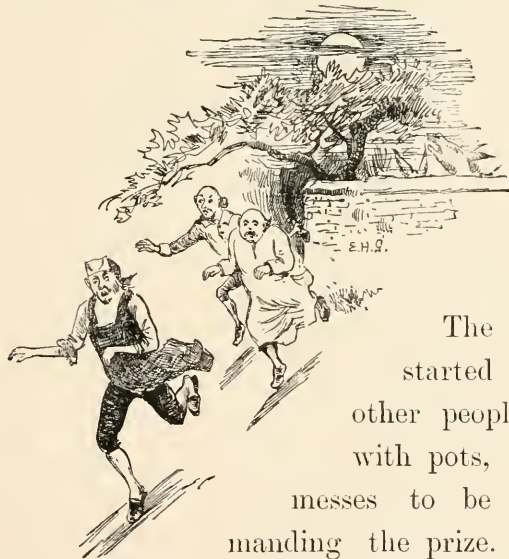
in one hand and three large blue mugs in the other.

"Taste this," cried the delighted cobbler, smacking his lips; "I think I have won the prize."

The Company hopefully, and without pausing to ques-

tion, as they were consumed with thirst, emptied the blue mugs down their throats.

"We-e-e-'re poisoned!" gasped the Butcher, the Baker, and the Candlestick-maker when they could catch their breath.



THE G. P. CO. RETREAT.

"Poisoned!" exclaimed the cobbler. "What you taste is but the distinctive flavor of my pop — a soup-can of beeswax and lampblack."

The Ginger-pop Company started away disgusted. But other people came darting out with pots, kettles, and pans of messes to be tasted, and all demanding the prize. But each new mess was more vile than the previous.

The moment the Butcher reached home and put his head in at his shop, he saw something had gone wrong.

"Well," said his wife, "here you have been and left

wide open the door of the meat-house, and the dogs of the town have been in and eaten the entire stock — not a rib, not a shin left! Even the smoked hams are gone!”

“Never mind that!” groaned the Butcher. “I’ve swallowed five thousand dozens of the greatest doses that ever were mixed!”

“And where’s your hat and coat?” demanded his wife.

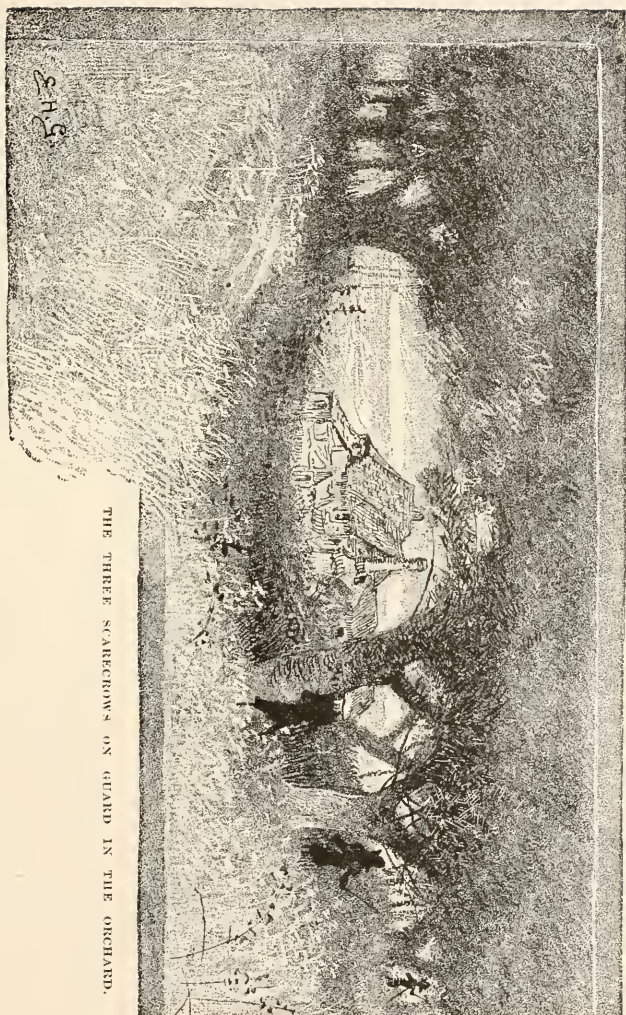
But the Butcher had closed the door of his chamber upon her.

When the Candlestick-maker entered his house he found his apprentices had spoiled twenty sets of brass candlesticks.

“I’m all but ruined!” cried he.

The Baker smelled something burning before he reached his bakery, which was not at all surprising, since he had left the day’s batch of bread in the oven.

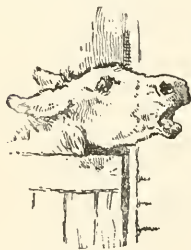
“You foolish man,” said his wife. “Why are you concerning yourself about old Abra’s affairs and helping the people to lose their wits? And what have you done with your clothes?”



THE THREE SAREGONS ON GUARD IN THE ORCHARD.

The Baker made no answer, but hurried out of the back door, for he saw hundreds of ginger-pop makers coming in at the front door with their experiments. As he turned the first corner, he bounded against the Candlestick-maker, who was running from some more people with mugs, and together they overtook the Butcher, who had escaped by his chamber window.

“Let’s go and remove the injunction and get our clothes, and refresh ourselves with some of the genuine article, and then dismiss the people back to their business, selecting a few apprentices to learn the business of old Abra,” said the Baker. “How are our scarecrows?” he added, peeping over the orchard fence in the dusk. “But stop—I do declare I saw them move!”



THE DONKEY BRAYED.

“Nonsense!” laughed the Butcher, climbing over the fence. “Come along. The cobbler’s pop has gone to your head.”

Just then one of the sailors’ donkeys brayed lustily three times: “*Konk-konk-konke-e-e-e.*”

The Butcher tumbled off the fence back on the Baker, and the Candlestick-maker was the first to lead the headlong flight down the road.

“Ugh!” cried he, “that old Abra does magic! I’ll wager anything she’s the Abradacabra of the wizards of old!”

“Yes,” panted the Butcher, “and she incants her ginger-pop, and that’s why we don’t discover it! We never shall get our clothes!”

Now Abra and Lois had been telling the sailors of the Ginger-pop Company.

“And there! there they are now, screaming at their own scarecrows probably,” said Lois, as she heard the outcry. “I believe the whole town has gone crazy!”

It was a moonlight night, and going to the cottage door the sailors saw the men racing down the road. They told Abra and Lois to keep indoors. Then they went into the orchard and armed themselves with the switches, and put on the scarecrows’ clothing, and platted hay masks for their faces, and hid behind the apple-trees.

The Ginger-pop Company, finding they were not fol-

lowed, at last stopped running, and finally got courage to turn back for their hats and coats once more.

They all believed it was the messes they had tasted taking effect upon their heads; "For," said the Butcher, "it is folly to suppose we are afraid of our own scarecrows."

"Or that scarecrows could bray," said the Candlestick-maker.

"By nature I am afraid of nothing," said the Baker. "But any man may do a foolish thing after drinking lampblack and beeswax."

"There they are," said the Candlestick-maker, "behind the trees, looking as innocent as so many posts."

Having all climbed over the fence,—the Baker being very slow to do so,—they began again to joke about their run, when they saw how stiff and silent the scarecrows stood.

"Most noble gentlemen, we will trouble you for our hats," said the butcher, making a mock bow, and reaching out his right hand.

"You will, will you?" growled the three scarecrows; and jumping out from behind the trees the disguised

sailors switched the terrified men out of the orchard and far down the road. In their flight they took the wrong road, and ran into a swampy meadow, where they floundered about all night, the frogs hooting at them. The sailors again arranged the scarecrows as they had found them. Then, having bought a good supply of ginger-pop to take on their next voyage, they bade Abra and Lois good-night, and good courage, and good luck, and rode back to the seaport.

In the morning, as the whole town, with many hundred brand-new kinds of people, were turning out to search for the Ginger-pop Company, its muddled and sorrowful members straggled into sight. The people hooted and laughed at the tale of the magic scarecrows, and declared that the Ginger-pop Company had hopelessly lost its wits.

“If you don’t believe us,” cried the Candlestick-maker, “come out to Abra’s cottage and see for yourselves.”

It seemed such a good joke that every one who could either walk or ride agreed to go. Of course the scarecrows were found to be nothing but scarecrows, and then the Ginger-pop Company were worse jeered than

ever. However, when the Baker pointed out the frayed and split switches which the scarecrows held, even the more unruly shook their heads, and became very polite to Abra and Lois.

"Now, Abra, my good woman," said the clergyman of the town, "what did really happen here last night? You know I have no possible interest in ginger-pop. You can speak frankly to me."

But Abra only looked knowingly over her glasses, and smiled.

"*I* can tell you what happened here yesterday," said Lois. "The price of ginger-pop was raised; and if you people go on spoiling ginger, and making it scarce, it will be raised again to-morrow. We shall probably continue to raise it until you are ashamed of the way you have treated us."

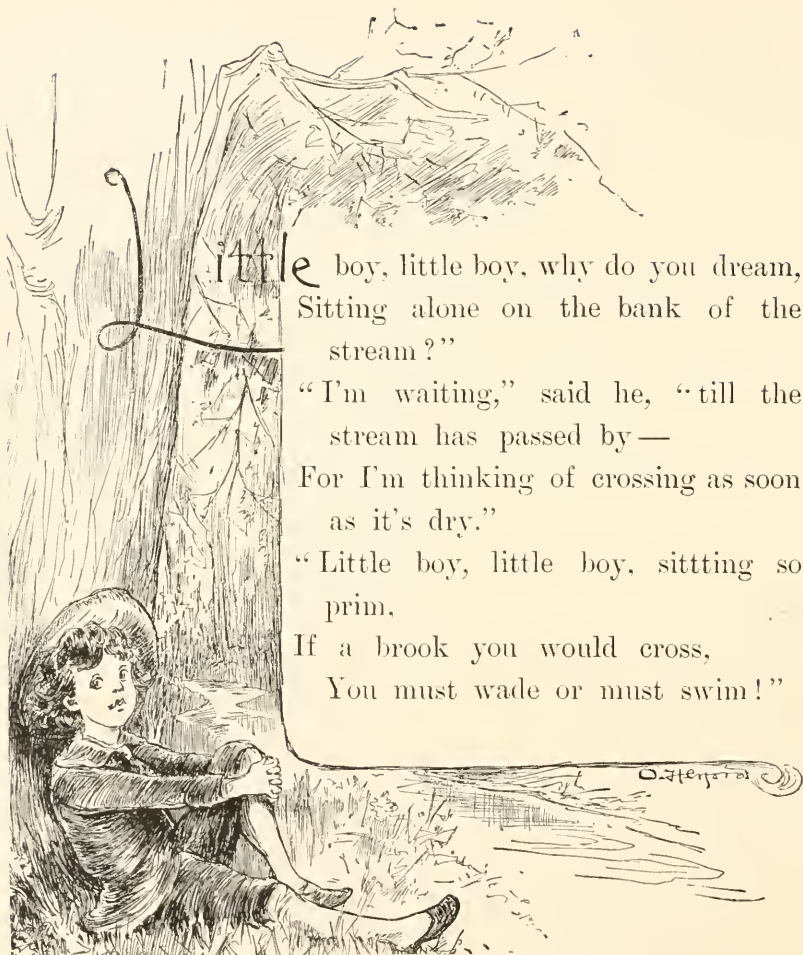
"Oh, we are ashamed now!" cried together the Butcher, the Baker, and the Candlestick-maker, in alarm.

"I propose three cheers for Abra!" called the Baker, waving his hat and dancing up and down. And instantly the whole populace gave three cheers in this form:

“We are ashamed ! We are ashamed ! We are ashamed !”

Nevertheless, Abra raised the price of ginger-pop considerably. But, notwithstanding that, so many wanted to be taken as apprentices, that she was compelled to have them to draw straws for choice. Everybody returned to their trades ; yet it was some time before the town regained its former peace and prosperity ; and ginger-pop never came down to its old price.

S AID the man in the moon of the dipper,
“If I can catch hold I’ll just tip her,
And get such a drink from the long milky way,
As will keep me good-natured for many a day.”



Little boy, little boy, why do you dream,
Sitting alone on the bank of the
stream?"

"I'm waiting," said he, "till the
stream has passed by —

For I'm thinking of crossing as soon
as it's dry."

"Little boy, little boy, sitting so
prim,

If a brook you would cross,
You must wade or must swim!"

A TALE OF THE CRESCENT.

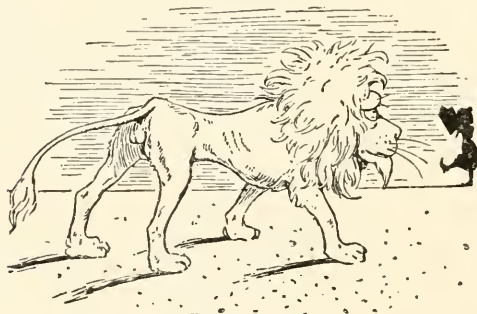
(From the German.)

ONE day across the desert sands,
With open Koran in his hands,
Mohammed strode, his thoughts all bent
Upon its truths, his mind intent
On how he best the world might teach
The new-born creed he came to preach.



MOHAMMED STRIDES.

But whilst he weighed these solemn things,
The hours flew by on rapid wings,
Till down upon the desert wide
The darkness fell with eventide —
And lo! from out a thicket green
A lion crept, with stealthy mien!



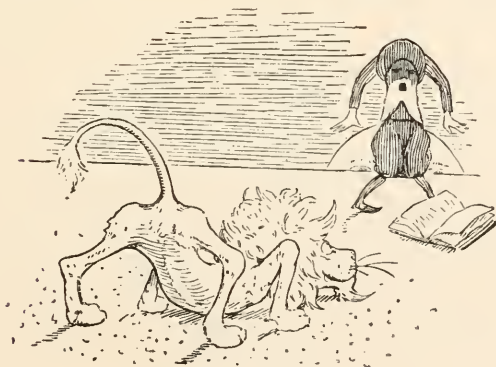
THE LION CREEPS.

Oh, mortal man, whoe'er thou be,
Think not that death will flee from thee;
And why shall not this hungry beast
On prophet now and Koran feast?
And yet with wild, heart-sickening fear
Mohammed prays help may appear.



MOHAMMED TREMELES.

He shakes with cold, he glows with heat,
He trembles sore from head to feet;
While toward him still, with movements sly,
And deadly purpose in his eye,
The murd'rous beast doth crouching creep,
Preparing for the fatal leap.



THE LION CROUCHES.

But see! What rises from the sands
Behind Mohammed where he stands?
The dazzling moon! and right between
His quaking legs her rays are seen;
And Leo starts. "My stars!" quoth he,
"What wondrous light is this I see?"



THE MOON RISES.

But undismayed, with laughing eye,
The moon climbs up the eastern sky,
While yet Mohammed little dreams
The rare good luck that on him beams,
And nearly dead with frantic fears
Gives way to hot, despairing tears.



MOHAMMED VOWS.

How oft, in times of peril nigh,
 Man seeks, by vows, escape to buy;
 And so the prophet breathes this vow —
 That whosoe'er shall save him now
 Shall reap henceforth immortal fame,
 And through the Koran homage claim.



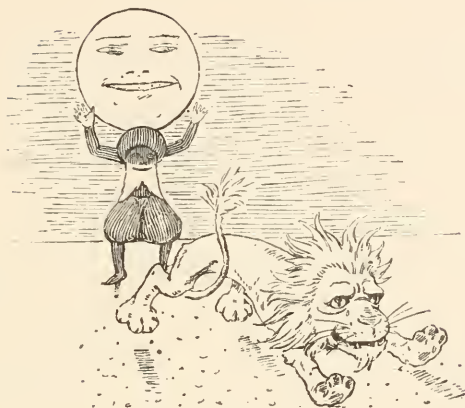
THE LION MEDITATES.



THE LION TURNS TAIL.

Meanwhile the beast more anxious grew
As that bright light rose still in view,
And longer stretched his face with fear,
And straight on end arose each hair,
And shifting slow his crouching feet,
He seems to meditate retreat.

For now, behold! O wondrous sight!
The moon in splendor, round and bright,
Glares down; and lo! his deepening dread
Mistakes it for Mohammed's head!
And turning fast in wild affright,
Bold Leo soon is lost to sight.



AND RETREATS.

At this, with wond'ring, grateful cries,
Mohammed turns his questioning eyes;



MOHAMMED SEES THE MOON.

And when the golden moon he sees
He straightway falls upon his knees —
And need we seek, or question more,
Why Turks the half-moon all adore ?

And whosoe'er this tale doth doubt
Some Mussulman should now seek out ;
He will, with precepts pious, sage,
Point to it on the Koran's page ;
And say 'tis why the Turks all wear
On turbaned heads the Crescent fair.



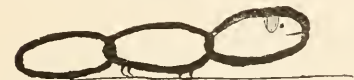
THE TURKS ADORE THE CRESCENT.

ANOTHER NONSENSE MENAGERIE.

(Collected and arranged on the same plan as that already exhibited.)

THE LYNX.

THIS biped, as you know, inhabits New Zealand. It is a member of the links tribe. Its body is very symmetrical and graceful. With its hind feet it could kick a powerful blow if its tail were not in the way.



THE DOLFIN.

The Dolfin, my friends, is found the world over. It is not particular about having water, as it gets along quite well upon the land. It never has done, and never will do, a thing for itself. It depends entirely upon its friends. It lived many ages ago, and all our knowledge comes from tradition and from fossil remains. It has a modern representation. Who is acquainted with the animal?





SPRING CHICKENS.

(No description
seems needed.)

THE CHIMPANSY.

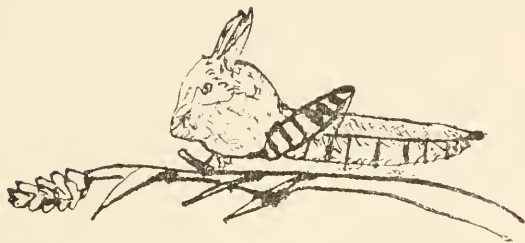
The Chimpansy is a native of Australia. It is very fierce, and much feared by the inhabitants, because of its strong claws; when angry it tears small trees and plants to pieces.

At night it hangs on the lowest branch of a tree by its tail, so that its



head can be kept damp by the dew, which is its only food.

When first born the head is the shape of a bird. It attains full size at one year.



THE RABHOPPER.

The Rabhopper is found in New Zealand. It eats bumble-bees with a sweet smile.

THE COWGAROO.

The Cowgaroo inhabits the milky way. It is an animal of medium size, having an immense tail, by means of which it can jump from star to star. When a Cowgaroo accidentally falls to earth it becomes a *meateor*, and is devoured by the people of the region where it alights.



THE BIG-BUG.



The Big-bug may be found in many countries, and is too well known to need any description. It has been said that it would be a fine speculation to buy up these creatures at the world's valuation, and sell them at their own. They are chiefly remarkable for the singular color of their blood, which is said to be of a bright blue.

THE DONKEEL.

The Donkeel is an inhabitant of the Arctic Sea. He has never been seen but once, when Ferdinand De Soto saw him on the last voyage that he made; for the Donkeel is shy, and only comes out of his home at night. He is the last of his kind, but will probably live for a hundred years longer.

Whenever there is a fire in the Arctic Regions, and people wish to start the fire-alarm, they pull his tail and set him braying.

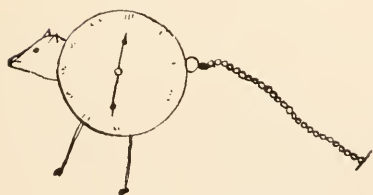


THE RUFFELIX.

This was an animal of Roman origin ; his name at first was Felix. He belonged to Publius Cornelius Leutulus Spinther, and was taken to England with the Romans. He was a very respectable, but very vain beast ; seeing Queen Elizabeth out walking one day, he was so struck with her ruff that he added one to his Roman dress, and so was called Ruffelix.



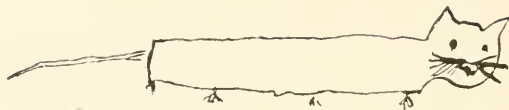
THE WATCH-DOG.



This dog has but two legs, but he has a pair of hands to make up for the loss. He is an animal of queer habits. By twisting his tail a little each day he is kept constantly running. And one can always tell just how far he has run by simply looking at him.

THE CATALOGUE.

The Catalogue
lives in all parts of
the civilized world.
He is so gentle, the
people keep him in their libraries. He feeds upon dates,
and grows fat on them.



A MISTAKE.

S AID the needle, "I've swallowed a thread,"
And forthwith he set up a cry;
But the pin on the cushion, she laughingly said,
"Now, surely, that's all in your eye."

THE LITTLE RED LIZARD.

A LITTLE Red Lizard lived in a spring,
Close by a frog that was learning to sing.
"Such discordant struggles to get up to G,"
Said the Little Red Lizard, "are too much for me."



"THE QUEEN OF TOLDO MADE A FRIGHTFUL ADO."

THE QUEEN OF TOLOO.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

O THE Queen of Toloo
Made a frightful ado ;
They ran to see what was the matter ;
Her cup was upset,
No milk could she get,
And that was the cause of the clatter.

There were looks of dismay,
But her maiden so gay
Flew down to the kitchen instanter,
And brought up some more,
Which she quickly did pour
From the mouth of a silver decanter.

But the Queen of Toloo
Cried, " That will not do,
I tell you I want back the other ! "
Now what could they do
With this Queen of Toloo ? —
They sent her right in to her mother !

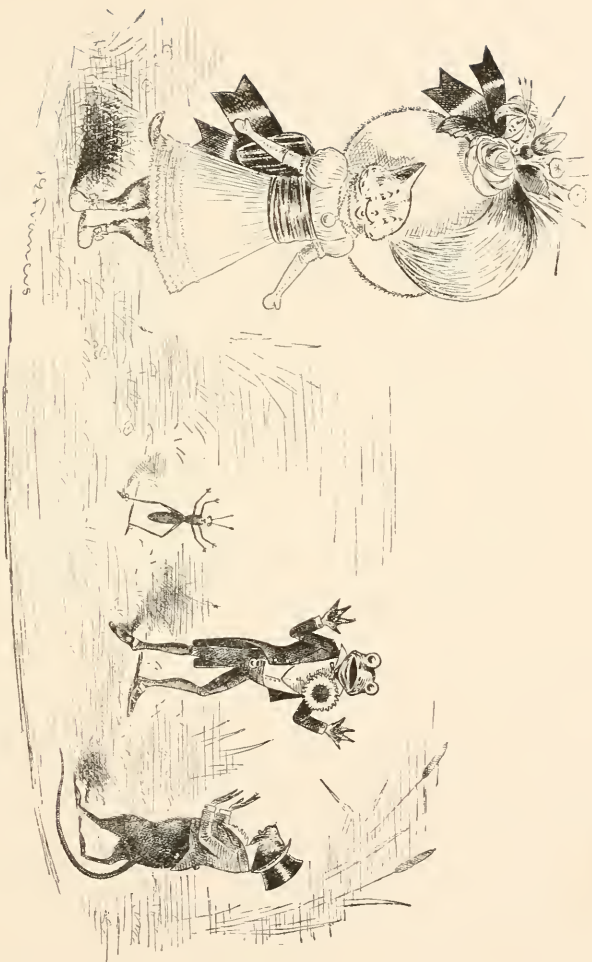
A PICNIC.

A DOG, a cat, and a kitten,
They all went out to see
A bug that danced, and a frog that sang,
And a mouse that climbed a tree.

The dog had an umbrella,
A fan adorned the cat,
The kitten was dressed in a pea-green silk
And a most astounding hat.

Ah, it was picnic weather,
All on a summer day;
And they had some bread and meat for lunch,
And cake to give away.

The bug then danced superbly,
The mouse sped up a tree,
The frog sang sweet of a ship that sailed
Across the sunlit sea.



"THE KITTEN WAS DRESSED IN A PEA-GREEN SUIT AND A MOST ASTOUNDING HAT."

And swift the hours went fleeting
Along the day's bright course,
Till the bug and mouse were weary grown;
The frog was getting hoarse.



"THE BUG THEN DANCED SUPERBLY."

So arm in arm together,
When low the sun sank down,
They took their way through the gloaming gray,
Back to their home in town.



THE PINK HOUSE.

IN SEARCH OF NO-WORK LAND.

DOLLY, Polly, and Molly were tired of three things: tired of washing cups, of dusting, and of setting the table. They resolved to seek a country where it was all play and no work.

They went west. They took a path that led through a meadow of golden cowslips, over a stile, across a stone bridge with a round arch, till they came to a dark wood of whispering pines.

A narrow winding path led through this wood. The path grew so dark as they went on they were at last obliged to take their cats out of their baskets, in order that their eyes might light the way. (I need not remind you that cats' eyes are very bright in the dark.)

At last they came out into the sunniest, sweetest place possible. It was all shut in by the dark woods, and in the centre stood a small house made of pink bricks, and thatched with pink heather. A cage hung under the thatch containing a pink parrot, and great pink sunflowers clustered around it. In front stood a row of three pink chairs.

They entered, and, wonder of wonders! the room was furnished with three small tables, each standing on a pink rug. On each table was a mug, a plate, a knife and fork, a spoon, a butter-plate, a pitcher, and a napkin. All these were pink. The napkins had a white ground with pink drops and pink fringe. On the wall hung three pictures, and in the window were three pink and white flower-pots.

Beyond this room was a second, and in this were

three small beds, three washstands, three dressing-tables with mirrors, and three hooks on the wall.

"This is the very place we are looking for," said Dolly. "It was made for us three:" and they took off their bonnets and shawls, hung them on the three hooks, and then went out and sat down in the three chairs. Each took her cat.



IN THE SHADE OF THE SUNFLOWERS.

As the sun came round the house they moved into the shade of the sunflowers.

"Ho! ho! here they come!" shrieked the pink parrot. And just at that moment they heard voices singing this song:

"Three jolly young farmers are we, ho! ho!

We plough and we plant and we hoe, ho! ho!

We go to bed early and we rise with the sun,

And we never think of stopping till our work is done.

Ho ! ho ! we're jolly, ho ! ho !
It's great fun to work,
We never want to shirk,
We work all the day
A-making of the hay,
It's better fun than play.
With a ho ! ho ! ho ! and a ho ! ho ! ho !
Three jolly young farmers are we, ho ! ho !"

The voices sounded like those of little men, and pretty soon the three girls saw them coming up the path singing as they came. Each wore a smock-frock and carried a pitch-fork and a singing-book.

They stopped when they saw the three girls and lifted their hats.

"You are welcome, ladies," said Ted. "Will you be pleased to enter our



"THREE JOLLY YOUNG FARMERS ARE WE, HO ! HO !"

humble habitation?" said Ned. "And sup with us?" added Jed, for these were their names.

"Oh! we've been in," replied Dolly. "And we're going to stay," added Polly. "We and our cats," said Molly. "For we're tired of work," they all said together.

"*Stay!*" said Ned. "STAY!!" said Ted. "STAY!!!" said Jed. "Certainly," they cried, all together. "We shall be pleased to have you, if you will do our housework. We are looking for housemaids!"

At this Dolly, Molly, and Polly arose in great wrath. "Housework! that's just what we came to be rid of!



"HOUSEWORK, INDEED!"

housework, indeed! no, we'll return to our home and our parents."

"That is the best thing you can do, ladies," replied Ned and Ted and Jed.

So the three little maidens picked up their cats, put on their bonnets and shawls, and went back through the dark woods and over the bridge and the stile back to their home.

"Housework, indeed!" said they from under their bonnets.

MY-YAN AND THE PELICAN.



UPON the bridge fished old My-Yan,
And, lurking, stood the Pelican.

With might a fish up-jerked My-Yan!

Swoop! swallowing stood the Pelican.



“Well, well! how funny!” said My-Yan;
The same thing thought the Pelican.



THE LOST BROTHER.

(A Story of the Boghood of the Wise Men of Gotham.)

MAY be in Essex, may be in Kent,
Or on the borders of the Trent,
Somewhere they dwelt, I know not where,
These twice six men, so wise and rare.
Gotham was called their native town,
Search for it up, search for it down;
But though their dwelling we cannot fix,
You now shall hear their clever tricks.

These men, when boys, went out to bathe one day,
A lovely morning in the month of May.
The sun it shone upon the river bright,
While in they plunged and swam with all their might.
They dived and floated, shouting merrily,
And were as full of fun as boys can be.

But when, the play all over, they were dressed,
They said among themselves, “ ’Twould sure be best
To see if, now we’ve had our pleasant game,
We are as many as when out we came.”
Then one began to count; but he with awe
Said that eleven, and no more, he saw.

He thought that he had told the lot;
To count himself he quite forgot.

“You must be wrong,” another said. “Let *me*
Go through them, and they’ll all come right, you’ll see.”
Gayly he said, “One, two, three, four” — until
He reached eleven, when his heart stood still!

He thought that he had told the lot;
To count himself he quite forgot.

Then each lad, thinking he could reckon best,
Tried, but to find eleven like the rest.

Each thought that he had told the lot—
And each to count himself forgot.



“THEN ONE BEGAN TO COUNT”

Then it was true! they'd learned it to their cost;
One of the merry party had been lost,
And now their fear and horror found relief
In loud lament and tears of bitter grief.

Just at this time a traveller passed by
And sought to know the reason of their cry.
“Ho! Gotham lads,” he cried, “what’s all this clatter?
Come near, and tell me what there is the matter.”

“Dear sir,” one answered, “when we left our home
Twelve of us did unto the river come.
But now eleven only can we find,
Yet know not which it is we’ve left behind.”
In chorus they all sobbed, “Boo-hoo, Boo-hoo !
We see that one is drowned ; we don’t know who.”



“NOW COUNT THE HOLES.”

The traveller loudly laughed. “My lads,” said he,
“’Tis really sad that you so sharp should be ;
For boys, they say, who’re so uncommon clever
Live to grow up to manhood hardly ever.

Now lie down on the ground in two straight rows,
And in the sand make holes, each with his nose."

When they a little time thus still had laid
He bade them rise, and count the holes they'd made.
Oh, then to gladness turned their deep despair,
For, looking on the ground, twelve holes were there!



"WE'RE ALL ALIVE!"

To tell their joy it would be vain to strive.
As they with rapture cried, "We're all alive!
Thank you, kind sir, for finding our lost brother!"
"Right welcome, lads," the jolly traveller said;
"And now lie home, each youngster to his mother!"
And then he laughed and laughed and shook his head.

THE FLAG ON TOP.



HERE were, besides myself, at the Ranch of the Plum-trees, Heygendorf, Carling, and Carling's English cousin, Augustus Bolingbrooke, whom it had been necessary for Heygendorf to ask, as Carling could not go without him. For three days we were a jolly lot, but the fourth morning there was nothing to do, so we seated ourselves in a circle under the weeping willow and began to talk.

"If we weren't so sick of the sight of plums we might go over to the orchard and shake the trees; I wish I hadn't eaten so many the first day," said Heygendorf.

"We might go fishing, if the streams weren't running dry," I ventured to remark.

"If those mustangs didn't cut up such shines we might saddle them and have some fun," said Carling.

Bolingbrooke, as he listened to these valuable suggestions toward what might be done, gave a sort of grunt. He was in a dangerous mood. Late the day before he had been bucked off a mustang, and had sprained both his ankles; but that was the least of his misfortunes. We natives had neglected to warn him; and, the first day, he had walked with the assurance of a drum-major into a clump of poison-oak. In twenty-four hours his face and head had swollen out to the size of a butter-tub, and he was obliged to spend every spare moment afterwards, bathing his stinging hands and face with an odoriferous lotion.

"Yes," he said, under the willow, shaking the quart bottle up and down, "America is beastly all around; beastly shrubs, beastly nags, beastly plums, too."

Heygendorf was sorting a box of firecrackers; for the next day but one was the Fourth.

"You said the first day," he observed, looking up, "that the plums weren't half-bad."

"Oh! of course they're big," Bolingbrooke agreed, "and if you go in for having plums as big as a helmet you're successful; but in England, you know, we go in

for having plums small, and tasting like something else besides a mealy potato, you know."

To this Heygendorf replied:

"If you don't like the plums here, you needn't feel called upon to eat any more, I'm sure."

"This is the first time," Bolingbrooke retorted with asperity, "that I have stayed at a house where the person who invited me has told me what I may and what I may not eat. I'm quite ready to go back to San Francisco."

"My goodness, Bolingbrooke!" said Heygendorf, "I didn't mean anything; eat whatever you take a fancy to. I didn't like your talking that way about American plums, that's all."

Bolingbrooke was mollified, but did not refrain from observing that what he said about the plums was true about the peaches. This brought on a wordy war that raged steadily until night.

"You fellows," said Bolingbrooke, by way of good-night, "think I am a boasting cad when I simply say that English things are on top the world over, you know."

The next day we had planned a seventeen-mile drive to a town where a circus was advertised. Bolingbrooke at the last moment decided not to go. He preferred to stay at the ranch and look after his ailments, assuring us, with a return of his previous manner, that there was no necessity for him to go to a little American show; he had seen things at home. Mr. and Mrs. Chapin, the people who lived on the place, went with us; so we drove off, leaving Bolingbrooke alone with the Chinese boy-of-all-work.

Our expedition was a chapter of accidents; we got to the town to find that the circus was giving a matinee somewhere else. We posted on to the next town, hoping to be in time for the evening performance; but we lost our way, and at last, very much disgusted, we turned back, reaching the ranch at eleven o'clock.

Bolingbrooke was sitting on the porch railing, drowning the perfume of the La Marque roses with the pungent odor of his uncorked poison-oak lotion, as we drove up.

"Was the show half-bad?" he asked, with just a suspicion of amusement in his tone.

"We didn't see any," said Heygendorf; "and I wish to goodness you were in bed," he added, under his breath.

"Really, now, was it a sell?" Bolingbrooke asked, as though he were very sorry. "I've had no end of fun to-day, myself, barring the sprains and the nasty poison."

We were too low-spirited to ask what he had been up to; and it was not until the next day—the Fourth—that we discovered.

Heygendorf had made great preparations for the celebration. He had coaxed Mrs. Chapin into getting up a special dinner; he had brought down a murderous assortment of Chinese bombs and fireworks from San Francisco; and he had asked a crowd of boys who were staying at the sulphur springs in the mountains to come down and take part in the festivities.

The morning of the Fourth we tumbled out of bed at half-past two, for the Chinese boy, Wong Fin Choo, according to the programme, exploded a basket-bomb under the front windows, as a signal for us to appear and proceed to the alfalfa field, to hoist the flag which had been fastened to the ropes the day before.

Bolingbrooke hobbled along with us, declaring that he would not miss seeing the hoisting of an American flag, for worlds.

"Our flag is on top so often, somehow," he explained. "that English chaps can afford to be generous with other fellows' flags now and then, you know."

"Now, that's decent of you, Bolingbrooke," said Heygendorf, cordially, "and I'm sure we would all do the same for you if we had the chance."

"Perhaps," Carling drawled, suspiciously. He knew his cousin, of course, better than we did.

The flag was run up amid cheering and hurrahing. The flag-staff held its head very high; once it had been a king in a redwood forest; and we went back to the house conscious that when it was fairly light the flag would be seen for miles around. While we sat on the porch waiting for breakfast, and throwing lighted bombs out on the lawn to explode, we bragged, for Bolingbrooke's benefit, about America.

"Fancy!" he would say softly, after each climax; "but the English flag is most always found on top, you know," he would conclude; to which boastful

declaration there was not given a unanimous consent.

The dining-room was at the back of the house, with windows overlooking the alfalfa field, and when we were called to breakfast we went first to see our flag. There was a capital breeze; the flag hung out stiff and gloriously straight.

"Isn't it great?" said Carling, enthusiastically.

"What's that just above it, though?" I asked. There was something small and red over the flag and beneath the gilded ball on the top of the pole.

"Sure enough," said Heygendorf, squinting; "however did that little red rag with a splotch in the corner get up there?"

"‘Red rag with a splotch in the corner!’" repeated Bolingbrooke, with scorn; "'red rag,' you little American ignoramus! That's the English flag, the ensign of Great Britain and the Queen, God bless her!"

"Well, but we don't want it up there," Heygendorf shouted. "How did it get there, hey?"

"Oh! the English flag always gets on top, somehow," said Bolingbrooke, with a calm smile.

"You climbed to the top and nailed it on, did you?" Carling asked, staring at his relative.

"Really, now, you're chaffing." Bolingbrooke replied; "you can't think that I could climb to the top of that pole in the condition I am in, with sprains and swelled-out hands! It's nailed on, but I didn't do it, on my honor; it isn't odd, however, that the English flag should get on top."

"I must say you took a good deal upon yourself to go and have it put there," said Heygendorf. "It will be down after breakfast, let me tell you."

"I am afraid it's up for some time, you know," said Bolingbrooke.

We hurried over our breakfast, and, immediately after, Heygendorf called me aside.

"The only person home with him was Wong; he probably made Wong climb the pole — a Chinaman would waltz on his head if you paid him for it."

Wong was summoned, and we pumped him industriously, as we walked toward the alfalfa field, but he was not communicative.

"I not know," was the only response he would give

to our questions about the red flag. When at last he was asked to shin up the pole and fetch it down, he gave one look at the dizzy height and refused point-blank. "No can," he said, shaking his head.

"O Wong! look here," said Heygendorf, showing him a quarter.

"Too littee, no can; heap steep," he said.

"Chip in," said Heygendorf to me. I chipped in. Wong could stand it no longer.

"All light, I tly," he said.

We watched him breathlessly, as, when he had taken off his slippers and stockings, he wrapped his strong brown arms around the staff, and then hunched himself up slowly, like a caterpillar. When he was twelve feet from the ground he slipped back suddenly, and came whizzing down to the ground in stunning style, his cue sticking straight out behind a good yard. We were too surprised to help him, and he lit on his elbows with great force, giving, with reason, a prolonged, angry howl.

"No can," he said, when he had his breath again; and jumping to his feet he ran with a good will out

of the reach of temptation. We followed more slowly, trying to devise a plan for bringing down the odious flag, but at last we gave it up, acknowledging that the only way was to chop down the flag-staff.

"I couldn't do that," said Heygendorf, grinding his teeth, "for my father would never forgive me if he found it out. He just dotes on that pole; it's the tallest one in the country."

The other fellows were expected at two, and it was maddening to think of their questions and comments. They came up the road at the appointed time; the hay-wagon they drove was enveloped in such a cloud of dust that we could not see the glory of their get-up until they were inside the gate. The hay-rack was draped with red, white, and blue bunting, flags were stuck erect by the horses' ears, and a white balloon, with two crossed American flags painted on each side, was tied in the button-hole of each boy's lapel.

Victor Dupont, the French boy, sat in front with Jones, who drove. But as they strolled toward us after an inspection of the premises, Victor's first question was:

"What is it, Heygendorf, that hangs to dry from



"WHAT IS IT THAT HANGS TO-DAY FROM YOUR FLAG-STAFF?" ASKED VICTOR.

your flag-staff? We have seen it miles away from the mountains."

"It's the English flag," Heygendorf answered, curtly.

"The English flag!" the boys exclaimed in a surprised chorus.

"Flying out of compliment to me." Bolingbrooke said, easily.

"It's flown long enough, too," said Heygendorf. "I hope some of you fellows know how to get it down; it's nailed to the staff; it isn't on the pulleys."

Not one of the new-comers could suggest a practicable method, though each one in turn recommended some one else to scramble up at the risk of his life and fetch down the flag.

"I wish," said Alphonse (French Victor's "little monkey" brother)—"I wish that one had the acquaintance of the circus climber I have seen yesterday at the circus; he could make the grand climb."

"Yes; he's the one I had to put up the flag," Bolingbrooke confessed; "the show-people went by yesterday; in fact, they stopped here for water, and I got the fellow to climb for me. He had the flag, when he was

showing in Australia, and I saw it lying on top of some of the luggage. I felt a little homesick, so I had the flag up and flying in no time. There's always plenty of room at the top, you know."

"Well," said Heygendorf, in the tone he had used in the morning. "I must say you took a good deal upon yourself."

"I merely thought I would tell you so that none of you need break your necks trying to do what only a professional chap can do. The flag's up for good: even I can't get it down, you know," Bolingbrooke said, dangling his long legs over the porch railing and smiling at his furious hearers.

At three o'clock we sat down to dinner, served out of doors under a willow that hung its dense branches to the ground, making a kind of green tent, though whenever the west wind chose it could push the swinging willow streamers aside, and we could see the despised red flag flying gayly out in the alfalfa field above our stars and stripes.

At such times Bolingbrooke would observe brazenly:

"I say, isn't that jolly?"

RANCH OF THE PLUM-TREES.
JULY FOURTH.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom
Or sighs for dainties far away
Beside the bounteous board of home?

WHITTIER.

. . MENU . .

MULLIGATAWNEY SOUP.

Beautiful soup, so rich and green,
Waiting in a hot turcen!
Who for such dainties would not stoop?
Soup of the evening, beautiful soup!

LEWIS CARROLL.

SARDINES—IN THE CAN.

When Duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can.

EMERSON.

ROAST CHICKEN.

Lots of chicking . . . plenty of baked potatoes, for instance. . . .
Lor'! wasn't it prime?

DICKENS.

LETTUCE SALAD.

My salad days when I was green in judgment.

SHAKSPEARE.

WASHINGTON PIE.

I was thinking who was king of England when this old pie was baked.

HOLMES.

Red, Blue, Green—PLUMS—Yellow, Purple, Striped.

He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum.

MOTHER GOOSE.

The plums were globes of honeyed wine.

ALDRICH.

COFFEE.

Black it stood as night.

MILTON.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE Victor Dupont.

For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

BYRON.

(Too mixed on his dates. — C.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON Thomas Van Dorn.

Fame was too earnest in her joy, too proud of such a son,
To let a robe and title mask a noble Washington.

ELIZA COOK.

OLD ENGLAND Augustus Bolingbrooke.

O, brothers! speaking the same dear mother-tongue,
O, comrades! enemies no more.

THACKERAY.

(Short and sharp. Said showcoffy. Didn't know he was going to be asked.

Feb. — C.)

OUR OWN COUNTRY Wilfred McChesney.

Sail on, O Union, strong and great!

LONGFELLOW.

(Mac great old bore. — C.)

THE GIRLS Harry Jones.

How-de-do, how-de-do, little girls?

THE MIKADO.

(Jonesey too flowery; laughed down; served him right. — C.)

CALIFORNIA Bertie Carling.

Gayly bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

POE.

(Not much applause; but best of the lot, just the same. — C.)

CHORUS: Yankee Doodle.

"You took a good deal upon yourself," Heygendorf would retort at such times, in solemn indignation.

In spite of these disturbing interruptions we enjoyed the dinner. Compton, a quiet, booky chap, wrote the *menus* and the toasts, which I copy, for I kept my card as a souvenir. The criticisms on the speeches are not mine. Carling sat next me, and was good enough to scribble down what he thought of the effusions.

The chorus never came off, owing to something that appeared on the scene just as Jones was trying the chords on his banjo. I have mentioned the balloons which the boys who came down from the Springs wore. Finding his in the way, Compton, just before dinner, took it off and fastened it to the porch railing. The others, with the exception of Alphonse Dupont, followed his example. Little Alphonse secretly and wickedly fastened the string of his balloon around the neck of a lame game-cock, and then left the poor thing to its own devices. When it came breaking in upon our festivities it was in a frantic condition.

"See! he knows not how to make of himself," said Alphonse complacently, as he paraded up and down

before the porch, with one of Heygendorf's prize grape clusters at shoulder arms; "he would make the head go to the ground, and behold! it is jerked up of itself."

"I have an idea," exclaimed Compton, springing to his feet. Compton never speaks unless he does have an idea, and we looked at him with respectful attention.

"I'll tell Heygendorf, and come on, you, too, Van; get me some fish-hooks and a line," he said to me, catching the puzzled bird under his arm. "Don't you other fellows look; you will know in fifteen minutes." He started on a run to the porch, where he unfastened all the balloons from the railing. I got the fish-hooks and the line as he directed, and then tore along after him. A queer figure he cut, flying over the ground toward the alfalfa field, with the squawking game-cock under one arm, the bunch of bobbing balloons under the other, and Heygendorf at his heels, hatless, breathless, bawling the question, "What under the sun, Compy, are you going to do, hey?"

When I climbed the bars into the field, I turned and saw back of me all the banqueters, who, far too curious to obey Compton's parting injunction not to



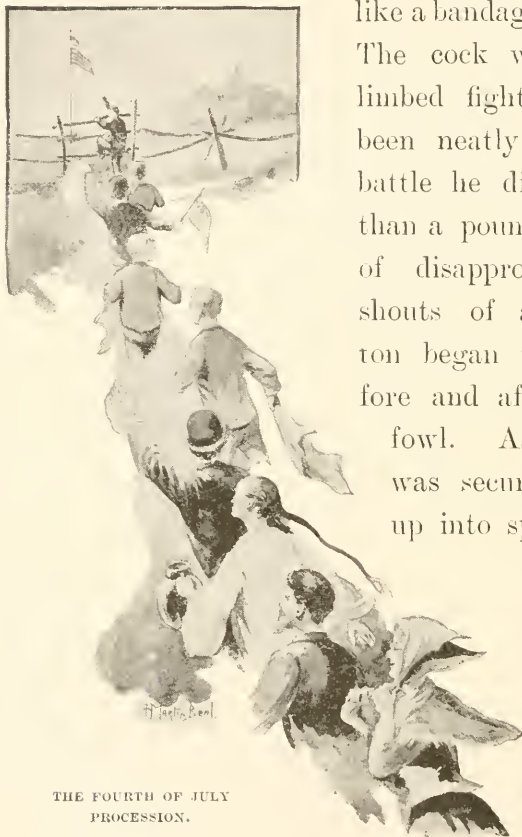
LITTLE ALPHONSE.

look, were racing along, their napkins over their arms, headed by Bolingbrooke, who was making remarkable time for a lame person. I saw Wong Fin Choo also clipping it over the stubble, the lemonade pitcher still in his hand, and back of him were Mr. and Mrs. Chapin on a brisk trot. I paused only a moment to admire the Fourth of July procession, which we afterwards agreed beat anything that Heygendorf had on his carefully arranged programme. Compton stopped at the base of the flag-staff.

“Now, then,” said he, “lower the flag.”

Heygendorf and I jerked the pulleys as the flag dropped. Bolingbrooke shouted, and the other boys protested angrily.

“Ah, there; shame, there; up with our flag!” they cried in a kind of chorus, as they tumbled helter-skelter over the bars. Compton stood with his shoulders back, like a fellow who knows his business and means to carry it on. He took two large fish-hooks from me and bound them firmly to the rooster’s legs, hooks down beneath the feet. Then he unreeled the fish-line and tied it loosely around the body back of the wings,



THE FOURTH OF JULY
PROCESSION.

putting his handkerchief, folded like a bandage, beneath the cord. The cock was a light, clean-limbed fighter, and as he had been neatly plucked in a late battle he did not weigh more than a pound. With the cries of disapproval growing into shouts of approbation, Compton began tying the balloons fore and aft of the dejected fowl. As the last balloon was secured he let go, and up into space sailed all the balloons with their outlandish burden.

Compton, holding and unreeling the long fish-line, stationed himself back against the flag-staff from

which the British ensign waved in impudent glory. The cock was scolding, and working its legs as though it were in a tread-mill.

"Now tell me," said Compton, who is near-sighted, — "tell me when it is on a level with the top."

We watched it eagerly, and broke into a shout when it was side by side with the red flag. Compton ceased unreeling and made a knot in the line.

"Now," asked Alphonse, dancing about in furious excitement; "will the rooster remove the flag? Is he bewitched by a fairy? Does he know of himself to take it off?"

"Yes," said Compton, "watch him; he'll bring that flag down under his arm."

"Ah!" said Bolingbrooke; "the beastly thing has fastened one of his claws into the flag."



THE ROOSTER AND THE FLAG.

"That's the best news yet," said Compton, pulling off to the right with the line.

"It's torn — the flag's torn!" said Carling, swinging his hat; "now then, it will be in shreds before long."

The rooster up in the airy heights continued to work like a major, clutching the flag again and again with his fish-hook claws, and tearing it into shreds.

"I can't see myself that the flag doesn't make as good a showing fringed as it did when it was whole, you know," said Bolingbrooke. "Whatever are you trying to do?"

"That's what we are trying to do," said Compton triumphantly, as the rooster by a fortunate stroke ripped the flag off the nail, and, tattered and torn, it floated down, to rest like a boomerang at Bolingbrooke's feet.

Compton speedily brought the rooster to the ground and unfastened the balloons, the fish-hooks, and the other trappings. The patriotic bird would have received an enthusiastic ovation had he only remained, but he chose to flee to the woods, from which he did not emerge for days.

We ran up the stars and stripes, cheering until we were hoarse.

"What use are you going to make with your red flag, eh?" asked Alphonse, when he had finished.

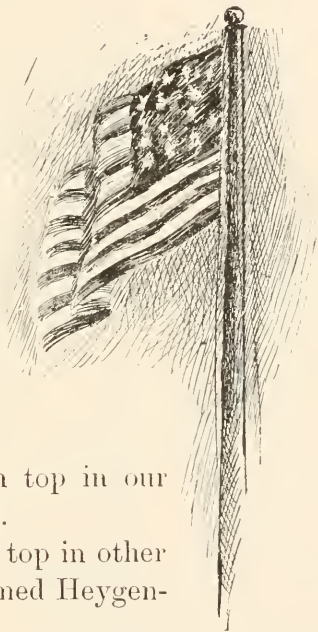
"Oh! you may have it," said Bolingbrooke, generously. "You American chaps are rather patriotic, after all. At home, in England, you know, we say you aren't. If I knew you would kick up such a row I wouldn't have had my flag up."

"We like to see our own flag on top in our own country at least," said Jones.

"And we don't mind if it gets on top in other people's countries, either," exclaimed Heygendorf.

"That's the way I feel, too, about my flag," said Bolingbrooke, with an expansive smile.

"Well," Heygendorf observed, as he had observed at intervals of about five minutes during that day, "I must say, Bolingbrooke, you took a good deal upon yourself; but I'll do the same for you if I ever get the chance."

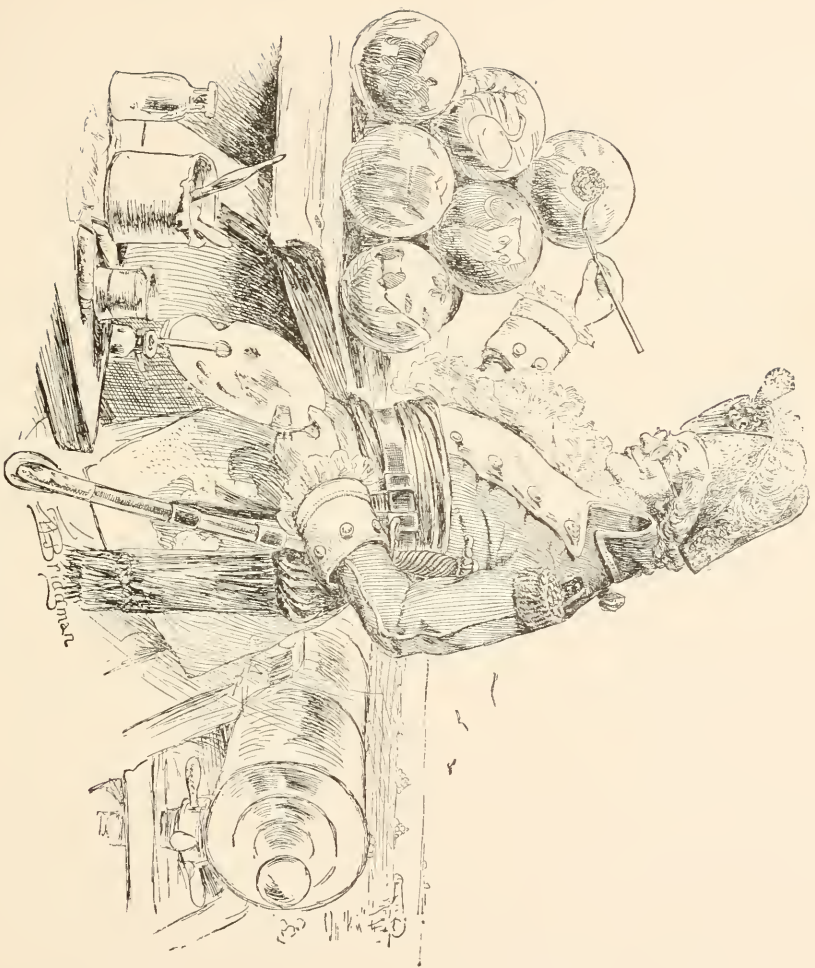


EFFECTIVE DECORATION.

THIS æsthetic artillery man
Has a purpose to do what he can
To instil the fine arts
In the heathenish parts
Of the earth, on a fresh sort of plan.



Of those painted projectiles each
one
He will ram in a thirty-pound
gun,
And then fire it plump
Among heathen, who'll
jump
With delight at the way it is
“done.”



THE AESTHETIC ARTILLERY MAN.
181

A SAVAGE BEAST.



I AM not very savage, and yet I declare
I have given that queer little creature a scare!
It's funny if I am the cause of her fright:
I hear her there, asking her nurse, — “Will he bite?”

A RACE.

HURRAH! hurrah! A race! a race!
Over the frozen stream,
Swift of foot and eager of face.

Where the snow and hoar-frost gleam,
Laughter, and shouts, and warning cries,
Echo the woodland through.

As bounding, scrambling, scurrying flies
The jostling, merry rabbit crew,
Driven by elves as wild as they.

Gliding after, with reins held fast.
See! one mad Bunny has broken away.

Fearful his team should be in at the last;
And out from the thicket in dazed surprise

His staid old parents are peeping.
Wond'ring, perhaps, a-rubbing their eyes,
If they're really waking or sleeping.





"DRIVEN BY EYES AS WILD AS THEY."

IN A THUNDERSTORM.

MRS. TYLER was nervous. It is with hesitation that we approach the subject; for she declared that no one but herself could imagine the nervous torments which she endured. She certainly behaved peculiarly. When the boys played ball in the yard, she would send the servant out to stop their loud cries; yet, as Tommy remarked, she could listen to Ida singing out of tune by the hour. It acted upon her nerves to look over a few pages of a picture-book; yet she could tire out the sturdy Tommy himself, if they went shopping.

But if there was any one thing which utterly overpowered her nervous system, it was a thunderstorm. Even a cart rumbling over the pavement made her tremble, for it was so like the thunder. For an hour before a thunderstorm, she suffered the agonies of anticipation; for an hour after, she was prostrated with the tortures of memory.

The rest of the Tyler family had once looked upon

her dread of thunder with respectful pity; but their feelings gradually changed. Mr. Tyler was the first to be worked upon by her fears, and in time actually became a partaker in them. Then the two children began to think that to be afraid of thunder and lightning might not be so absurd, if even their father was uneasy while a thunderstorm was in progress. Tommy was the last to give way. He enjoyed teasing Ida because of her timidity; but once, while he was making fun of her, their father took him to task, and hinted that Ida's terrors were not without foundation.

After Tommy's conversion, the whole family could give free rein to their fear with no danger of being laughed at; for where all live in glass houses, no one dares to throw a stone.

At the approach of a thunderstorm the entire family, by common consent, went solemnly to Mrs. Tyler's room. When the storm reached the house, they left the room for a large closet opening out of it. This closet was nearly in the middle of the house, and had no window, so that they could not see the lightning. They could, however, hear the thunder, and when this

was louder than usual, Mrs. Tyler would ask her husband to fetch the feather mattress from her bed. On this she would sit—the others, as a rule, not taking the extra precaution—until the storm abated.

One bright summer day, several years ago, Elsie Rogers came over to play dolls with Ida. It was warm, so the little girls went out into the front yard, and played that their dolls were having a garden party. Ida's doll, of course, was receiving; while Elsie's, arrayed in first one dress and then another, impersonated the visitors. There were no gentlemen; but, as Elsie observed, gentlemen do not often come to receptions. Of course it took time for Elsie's doll to change her identity, and Ida's made use of every opportunity to put on a new costume.

"Now this is Mrs. Cleveland," said Elsie, "and yours can be Mrs. Harrison."

"Do you suppose they ever call on each other?" asked Ida.

"No, perhaps not," replied Elsie; "but they must do as we say. And besides," she added, gravely, "I suppose it would be better for the nation if they were friends."

“Well, then,” said Ida. “we’ll have them meet — O Elsie! look at that great black thundercloud! O, dear! Let’s run into the house!”

“Ho!” said Elsie. “Who cares for the cloud? Just look at it, Ida” — but Ida had run into the house



MRS. CLEVELAND AND MRS. HARRISON.

with Mrs. Harrison, leaving the reconciliation of the nation unfinished.

Elsie stayed sitting on the grass with Mrs. Cleveland in her arms, watching the great black cloud sail up from the western horizon, and rise higher and higher

till it covered half the sky. She was not frightened; but apparently Mrs. Cleveland was a little timid, for Elsie kept reassuring her. "There, there," she said, "the cloud won't do you any harm; and besides, Mr. Cleveland—or Grover, I suppose you call him—will come home soon."

"Elsie!" called Mrs. Tyler from the window; "come in this instant, before the rain comes!" And she shut down the sash with a slam, as if she was afraid that the lightning would jump in before she could close the window. Elsie could hear the rain coming, and as she walked up to the front door a few drops made black spots on the piazza steps, and one hit Mrs. Cleveland's foot.

Ida was at the door, looking pale and frightened. "Come upstairs," she said, and turned to go.

"Why, what's the matter, Ida?" cried Elsie. "Aren't you well? I never saw you look so. Let's come into the parlor and play some more dolls."

"No," said Ida; "come upstairs. They're all up there." Then she dashed away, followed more slowly by Elsie.

"You are looking so pale, I should think it was a funeral," said Elsie, following her friend to Mrs. Tyler's room. When she reached the threshold she stopped, astonished.

There sat the Tyler family, looking as solemn as if they had met with a terrible misfortune. Tommy was clasping one of his mother's hands, while she held a handkerchief to her eyes with the other. Mr. Tyler was gazing gloomily out of the window. Ida had taken her seat next him, and was looking down sadly. Elsie thought that the scene would have made a good subject for one of Rogers' groups. It might be called "Grandma is dead." But it was impossible to be merry for more than a moment in such an atmosphere. Mrs. Tyler motioned her to an empty chair, and she sat down, still wanting to laugh, but overawed by the presence of Mr. Tyler.

Just after Elsie's arrival, the rain began to come down hard, and once in a while they could hear a low growl of thunder. Every time the lightning flashed, Mrs. Tyler counted, softly but audibly, to see how many miles away it was. She allowed about one second to

a mile. When the lightning was six miles away, she got up slowly and walked to the closet door. The rest followed, each taking a chair. Elsie went last. It was dark in the closet, but after a few moments her eyes became accustomed to the gloom, and she could see the outlines of the Tylers sitting round in a circle. No one said a word.

Meanwhile the storm was getting furious. They could not see the lightning, and this must have been trying for Mrs. Tyler, for she had no foundation, except her imagination, on which to base her idea of the distance of each thunderbolt. Even with the door closed, the thunder was very loud. After one burst more terrible than any before, Mr. Tyler went out of the door, closing it after him.

“O Alfred!” murmured Mrs. Tyler.

A moment afterwards he reëntered the closet, dragging in a large feather mattress. This he placed in the centre, while Tommy shut the door. Luckily there had been no lightning while the door was open. Mrs. Tyler sat down on the middle of the mattress, and all was quiet again.

Elsie had taken advantage of the interval of light to look at her watch. It was supper-time, and she knew that her mother was expecting her. Still, there was something contagious about the perfect silence. It seemed disrespectful to break it. She was on the point of opening her mouth several times, but always stopped at the last moment. However, something must be done, for the storm was still raging, and this sort of thing could not go on forever. Finally she nerved herself to the effort, and said, rising from her chair:

“Well, it’s getting pretty late, and I think I must go home now, Ida.”

No one said anything for a moment; and then Mrs. Tyler answered her:

“Why, my dear child, I never could think of letting you go out in such weather, the thunder and lightning are so dreadful; and be” — she was interrupted by a crashing peal, which began very loud, and died away in slow mutterings.

“Yes; but mamma expects me.” said Elsie.

“I am sure.” said Mr. Tyler gravely, as if he were talking in a church, — “that is, I hope, that your mother

"ELSTIE FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR."



would not be imprudent enough to wish you to go outdoors in such a storm. It is true your house is not far off — not far off — in fact, only across the street; yet I was reading in the paper the other day that a man was struck by lightning while opening his own gate.”

Mr. Tyler stopped, as if he were fully satisfied with his argument; and the rest of the family murmured assent.

Elsie's heart swelled within her. She walked to the door and then turned and said, “Well! I never would have thought that people could be so silly!” She stopped a moment. It was dark, but she was close to Ida, and could see the astonishment in her face. “I've often been out in a thunderstorm,” she went on, “and nothing ever happened to me. And I don't think it's a bit more dangerous in the street than in the house. And if I were the lightning, I'd just like to hit people who were scared of me, and went into a closet and sat on feather beds! And my old nurse used to say that a brave man dies but once; but a coward is always dying. And many and many a time we've just

stood inside that old tree by the school-house in a thunderstorm — and never a bit afraid. And I should think when older people set such an example, their children would be ten times as scared as they were! There might be some use being scared of a dog or a horse, because you can get out of their way; but all the feather beds in the world won't stop the lightning if it wants to hit you. And no matter if you lock yourself inside ten walls, you can't stop the thunder, for it's crashing outside there, whether you hear it or not. And once our house was struck by lightning" — here Mrs. Tyler gave a little shriek — "and it didn't do any harm except to make a little hole in the roof. There might have been some excuse for being scared then; but papa and the boys just got out of bed, for it was in the middle of the night, and looked all over the house to see that all was right and nothing was on fire, and then they went back to bed again. I knew they weren't scared, so I wasn't. But here, when the lightning's six miles off, you all go into a closet and sit down on a feather bed. Horses aren't so foolish; I rode Roy home in a



"NEVILLE A BIT AFRAID."

thunderstorm worse than this last year, and we both liked it. And papa met me at the door and said, 'Are you wet, Elsie?' but we didn't either of us have one thought of being frightened. But to think of grown-up people, who ought to know better, sitting in a closet because it's raining and thundering, positively makes me sick!"

When Elsie had finished this tirade, she flung open the door, letting in a stream of light on the pale faces within, and, leaving it wide open, ran down the stairs, out into the rain, across the street, and so home.

There was a long silence after her departure. Tommy was the first to speak.

"Well," he said, "I think Elsie's right," and then he left the room. The door still stood open, and a faint peal of thunder sounded, as if it were mourning that its power over the Tyler family was waning.

"My dear," said Mr. Tyler to his wife, "I think perhaps we might leave the closet now. Not because of the child's words, for she was a trifle impertinent, but because it seems best to me. The storm is abating" — here a low growl of thunder interrupted him, but he went bravely on. "Of course, you know that I never

should have given way to your — ahem — weakness in this matter, except to comfort you, my dear, and now I think the time has come when you should strengthen yourself to endure — to endure the suffering. This is not because of the little chit's nonsense, but it just happened to come across me. My dear, I leave you to your reflections." So saying he, too, left the room. Ida took Mrs. Harrison in her arms, and followed her father.

When Mrs. Tyler was left alone, she rose from her seat and peered out of the closet door. The storm was now beginning to subside; only a distant rumble from time to time reminded her of what had been. She left the closet, gradually approached the window, and at last actually pulled up the curtain. The clouds were clearing away, and she could see a glow toward the south-west.

"My weakness!" she repeated to herself. "Oh! if he only knew the pressure on my nerves and the strain on my poor head when he talks like that, he would not speak so."

But, from that day, Mrs. Tyler never had any companions on her journeys into the closet: and there was no one to bring in the feather bed.

CAPTIVATED.

The crickets played
their fiddles
With all a cricket's art
Before a baby
woodcock,
Until they won his
heart.



And so this baby
woodcock,
To show them his
good will,
Allowed these merry
fiddlers
To swing upon his bill.

Bridgman
'91

THE COMET.

S AID a comet one night, "If I shake my tail right,
And a big double header just make;
That man in the moon shall know full soon
There are some sorts of jokes he can't take,



"And forever sit calmly, just
grinning away,
No matter what happens about;
His great putty face, always there
in one place,
Has many a time put me
out."

From his tail flew the sparks; his head he dipped low,
He flew with a swish through the air,
Making straight for the moon; but that cunning old loon
Laughed, as he saw him right there.

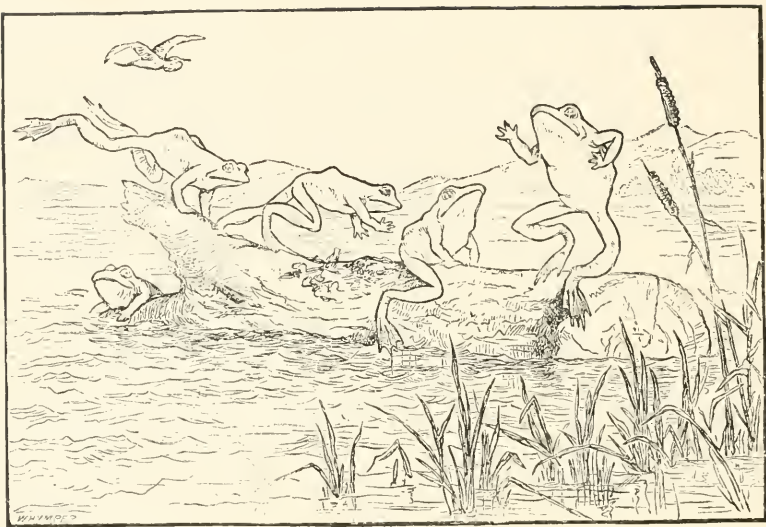
He struck ; but, alas ! his head was too soft ;
Such a terrible, terrible thump !



The man held his sides and laughed till he cried.
“Oh, my, what a horrible bump !”
He offered Pond’s extract to bind up the wound.
“’Twill cure you,” he said, “in a jiff !”



But the comet just shook his long tail, with a wail,
And fled through the sky with a whiff !



AIRS FROM ARCADY.

UNDER the leaves of a pickerel-weed,
Once lived a jolly old frog;
Who sang in deep bass, with much agile grace,
The song, of "a home in the bog."

He stood on a stage, — 'twas a water-soaked log, —
And clasping a hand to his heart,

Vowed oft in deep tone, with such direful moans!

“From his true love he never could part.”

And the frogs that were ladies cast down their sweet
faces,

And one, who was bolder than all,

Her name, Juliano, piped out in soprano,

“Oh, who could deny the sweet call!”

How the orchestra swelled, and a tenor just yelled,

“Oh, beautiful home in the bog!”

Till he woke up a loon, who laughed at the moon,

And swallowed a small pollywog.

Then the bass and the lady sang airs from Arcady;

A beautiful ballet they danced;

Till the frogs in the water said, “Really, we’d ought ’er,”

And they rose to the surface and pranced.





WV

LOST: A TEMPER.

MISS Fiery Kaliery Fumeery Frost
 A policeman thus did once accost:
 "Have you seen pass this way
 A Temper, I pray?
 I'm hunting for one that I lost."

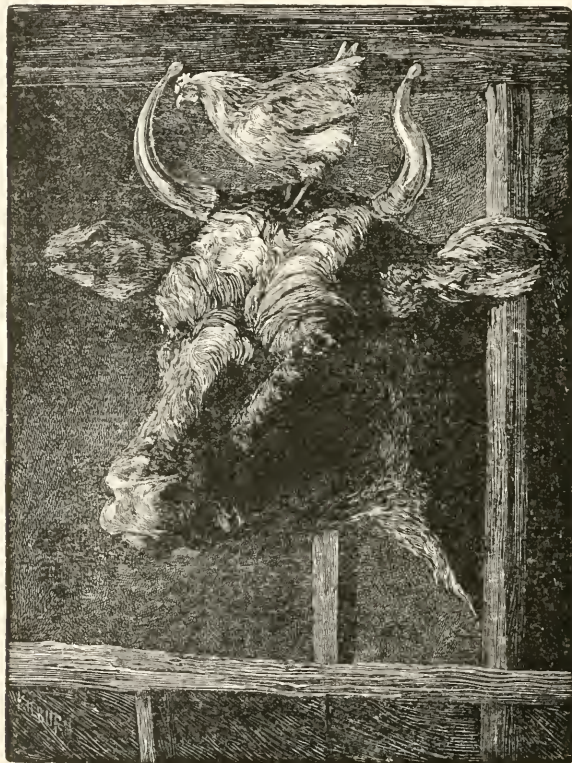
JOHNNY AND LITTLE GRAY HEN.

JOHNNY ran out to the barn one day. It was a lovely day. The sunshine was as bright as gold, the sky was as blue as the eyes of baby-kittens, and the grass was as green as grass could be. Johnny was singing a little song; but he stopped suddenly and began to laugh. And no wonder; for, looking up, he saw the head of Daisy, the cow, poked through the bars of her stall, and standing on it, right between the horns, was Little Gray Hen.

“Why, what are you doing up there?” asked Johnny.

Little Gray Hen looked thoughtfully down at him for a moment, and then she said, “Well, I don’t mind telling you, for you are a pretty good boy, as boys go; you never throw stones at me, or chase me about, or mock me when I try to sing, as bad boys do. The fact is, the hens and chickens in the henyard are so fussy and noisy, and they keep up such a silly clucking, and scratching, and quarrelling, from morning till night, that a lady-like hen (as I flatter myself I

am) finds it very disagreeable to stay among them. And they are extremely rude and impolite, and don't



begin to know what good manners are. And so, this morning, when Big Gray Hen snatched a worm away

from me, and Speckled Hen said her dress was much more fashionable than mine, and those mischievous chicks of Bantam Hen came slyly behind me and pulled out three of my prettiest feathers, I declared I wouldn't stand it any longer. I would look for another boarding-place. Their conduct really made me ashamed of being a hen. And I called on Daisy and told her how they acted, and she said (she feels very lonely, you know, since she lost her calf) that she would be glad of my company, and that I was welcome to live on her head as long as I liked. And I've been here now two hours — far above those common fowls, as I have always thought I ought to be, and it is so nice and quiet that I think I shall stay here all the rest of my life."

"I don't think you will," said Johnny; and he began to laugh again as he ran away to the hen-yard to tell the hens what he had seen in the barn.

There was a barrel turned upside down in one corner of the yard, and on this Johnny climbed, scratching both his legs on the hoops as he did so; but, bless you! boys don't care anything about a few scratches — and when he was safely seated on it he called the

fowls, and they came flocking about him thinking he had something for them to eat.

But Johnny showed them his empty hands, and then he told them about Little Gray Hen and the cow.



JOHNNY TELLS THE HENS

And when he had told them he said, "And why do you behave so badly that Little Gray Hen cannot stay where you are? Why do you make her ashamed of being a hen?"

“*Cluck, cluck! cluck, cluck! cluck, cluck!*” answered Big Gray Hen. “I guess we behave just as all hens have behaved ever since the first one came out of an egg — no better and no worse — and what’s more, we behave as well as we know how. *Cluck, cluck! cluck, cluck! cluck, cluck!!!* — Do you?”

She popped off this question so suddenly that Johnny thought for a moment that somebody had thrown a torpedo at him: he nearly fell off the barrel. But he jerked himself back again and said — he was a truthful little fellow — “I’m afraid I don’t.”

“Well, then, what can you expect from us?” asked Big Gray Hen.

“Please, ma’am,” said Johnny, “I don’t expect anything. And I should never have thought of finding fault with you, had it not been for Little Gray Hen.”

“Little Gray Hen, indeed!” repeated Speckled Hen, scornfully. “It seems to me the smaller hens are, the bigger they think themselves.”

“Is that meant for me?” said Bantam Hen, ruffling her feathers.

“Pray don’t stop to quarrel, you two,” begged Brown

Hen; "but come on and let's all go and see this stuck-up thing who thinks herself so much above us."

"*Cluck, cluck! cluck, cluck! cluck, cluck!* She's not so high but that she'll come down when" — began Big Gray Hen.



THE HENS GO TO SEE.

"When?" asked the other hens.

"When she's hungry," said Big Gray Hen. "I've known — *cluck, cluck! cluck, cluck! cluck, cluck!* — a good many airs put on just after breakfast, put off just before dinner."

After which wise remark away they all started in a great hurry for Daisy's stall; but they had scarcely reached there before Pamela, Johnny's grown-up sister, came out of the house with a pan full of corn and called loudly, "Here, chick, chick, chick, chick, chick, chick!"

At the very first sound of her voice the hens and chickens turned about again in a greater hurry than ever; but as fast as they ran — and they ran as fast as they could — they none of them reached the hen-

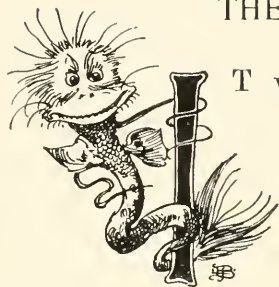


HURRYING TO PAMELIA.

yard as soon as Little Gray Hen.

"It was pleasant enough living on Daisy's head," she said to Johnny as she went to roost that night, "but you see there was nothing to eat up there. And I think, after all, it is best for a hen to try to get along with her own relations."

THE JOLLY DUGONG.



T was the jolly Dugong,
As he sat on the springing lea,
And his eyes were blue as the
raven's wing,
And his hair was black as the sea.

He piped and he trilled on his baritone tail,
Till the fishes began to stare;
And came, with a skip, o'er the shimmering sands,
To beg for their favorite air.

Then he scratched his head with his clammy claw.
And he smoothed his face with his fin,
While he murmured, "Come nearer, my aqueous friends,
And a ditty I'll soon begin."

So the fishes approached with a festive flop,
In numbers even and odd;
And the halibut leaned on the pickerel's arm,
While the trout escorted the cod.



As the scaly bevy gathered around,
The Dugong unbuckled his belt,
And he tuned his tail with a tuning-
fork,
Carved out of the rib of a smelt.

“Ah!” he sighed, “it is really a joy to receive
A mark of approval so rare,
For I very well know that a fish’s applause
Is to flourish his skin in the air.”

Then he warbled in notes that were
merry and gay,
And in tones that were clear as a
flute,
And he carolled a lay of the rolling
deep,
While the fishes with joy were mute.



The song was the one that they loved the best,
And 'twas quite a remarkable sight,
When they waved their skins like to flotsam flags,
And rattled their bones with delight.

“Oh, Rosy, my posy!” the sun-fish said,
To a herring that swam by his side,
“On similar music we’ll constantly feed,
If you’ll be but my beauteous bride.”

“Oh, halibut, walibut!” whispered the cod,
“What a glorious song of the sea!
Throw your skimpily skin on the sandy shore,
And dance on the wave with me.”

The hours went by, and the Dugong played on,
While the shadows of eve did descend —
But everything earthly must come to a stop,
And e’en such a concert must end.

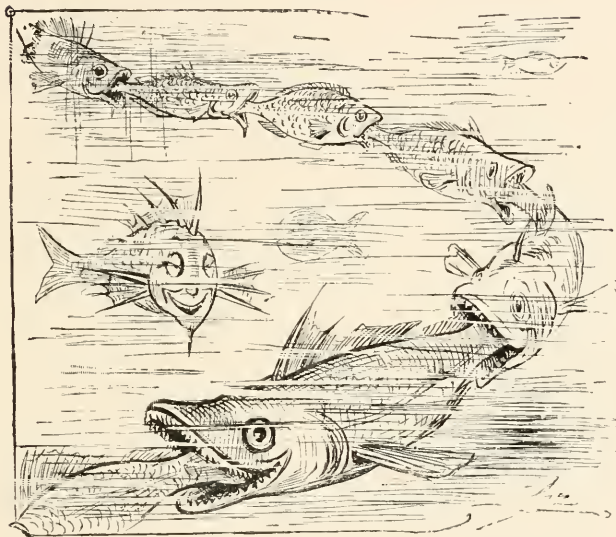
The Dugong stopped singing — the hour was late,
All hurried for skins to the shore;
’Twas confusion and bustle — each snatched what he
could —
Half put them on hind-side before.

Old Flatly, the flounder, went off in a coat
That was certainly made for the eel;



THE JOLLY DUGONG SINGS TO THE FISHES.

While Pinky, the salmon, was wretched in fit,
And extremely unpleasant in feel.



So, highly uncomfortable, each swam away,
With a coat much too small, or too great;
And just such an accident may befall you,
If you stay at a party too late.

“CHOLLEMYISSES JOHNSING’S” AFFLICTED HOLIDAY.



AS'M; h'its scand'lous," beamed good Father Johnson indulgently, "but dey'll outer-grow it; and de yittle ones conjubilates mo' out o' der ol' Mammy and Pappy on 'Ap'il Fool' day dan dey does out er all de res' de hol'days conjunctified. Then," he added not without grave satisfaction, "Chollemysse¹ got de toofache dis Ap'il F'ist, and I reckon dat'll put de squeelcha' onto some o' dese yer scand'lous high com'tabobbums."

Chollemysse, with his forlorn cheeks tied up in an allaying poultice, regarded his father with eyes preternaturally grave and bright. All within the cabin and without was alive with little Johnsons, each with grave face and luminous eyes.

"Mammy! mammy!" cried a weird little figure,

¹ Ptolemy Ulysses.

dancing on the doorstep. "Come see dis yer flock o' wil' geoses flyin' over! Quick! mammy. Come!"

Mammy turned her innocent comely black face from the dish-pan, wrung her hands, and waddled quickly to the door. There she stood and lifted those large confiding eyes to the heavens.

The April sky was of fleckless blue, untouched by wing of bird, and a sudden thought came to mammy. "You black T'addeus!" she exclaimed wrathfully, but brought her ready broom down on the air.

"Ap'il Fool! mammy," squealed Thaddeus, now visible only as a pair of shining black orbs around the corner of the house.

Father Johnson, considerably older than the comely mammy, shook his patriarchal gray head with laughter. It was a laugh of deli-



"YOU BLACK T'ADDEUS!"

cious appreciation, and yet imbued with that tone of tender indulgence which he always showed towards the younger and inferior intellect of his wife.

“How many mo’ Ap’il Fool days you gwine to trot to dat do’ to see flock o’ wil’ geeses fly over, Minnie?” said he. “Las’ ye’r Ap’il Fool you trot to dat do’ jes’ de same. Yeah befo’ dat. How long you t’ink befo’ you l’arn dis yer Ap’il Fool ’bout de flock o’ wil’ geeses flying over, Minnie?”

With the smile still on his features, he lifted his hand for his pipe on the shelf over the stove. Deliciously he drew a match and lit it — but, at the first puff, he sprang to his feet with an exclamation of horrified disgust and dismay.

The clay pipe lay on the floor shattered amidst the unsavory foreign contents there revealed.

“How many mo’ Ap’il Fools,” said Minnie, standing, shaking, with her hands on her sides, while tears of laughter rolled down her cheeks, — “how many mo’ Ap’il Fool days you gwine to smoke ol’ rags an’ angle-dog wo’ms? Las’ yeah you smoke ol’ rags an’ angle-dog wo’ms. Yeah befo’ dat. How long you t’ink befo’ you

I'arn dis yer Ap'il Fool 'bout ol' rags an' angle-dog wo'ms?"

Father Johnson said nothing. He looked about deliberately for some one of his children.

The house and premises had become suddenly totally void and silent. Father Johnson put on his hat and started out towards the little dim wreck of a barn over the brook. But that also looked so unpromising and silent that he turned abruptly and retraced his steps.

"I always 'lows de chillun to cut up dese yer shines on Ap'il Fool day, Minnie," said he. "Odda days I l'arns 'em de duty of truf and respectability to parents. Dey ain't doin' nuffin mo' no' what I 'lows."

He seated himself with dignity, took his old fiddle to his embrace, and poised the bow in preparation.

"What chune do you p'fer dat I plays to you, Minnie?" said he, pausing, with the punctilious politeness of an Italian tenor.

"Oh, wal' den," said Minnie, tossing her head rather indifferently, "I spec's I'd rada' heah 'De Mockin' Bi'd.' ef I heals any."

"I don' like your preferation to dese yere lively

an' jig-hoppin' chunes, Minnie." replied Father Johnson, and proceeded forthwith to scrape out a strain of an entirely different measure.

Minnie listened without any affectation of pleasure, but thoughtfully and without resentment, until her eye fell upon a neat and portly package that had suddenly appeared upon the doorstep.

"Look-a-da', pappy!" she cried, joyfully interrupting him, without other warning; "reckon Miss Lucy up to de big house done sont us down fat goose! Done tol' me she was gwine ter sont us down fat goose one o' dese yere days."

"You seem runnin' to geoses to-day, Minnie," said the patriarch, visibly trembling with elation himself, though still firmly continuing his lugubrious duty at the fiddle-bow.

Minnie carried the package to the table and unwound it, her face wreathed with anticipatory smiles.

"'Tis fat goose, I know by de hef'," said she, tenderly lifting it, and as she did so the last wrapping fell off, and there fell to the floor an artfully contrived symbol indeed of that fowl upon which she doted; the

skin whereof was composed of generous quarterings from one of her own work aprons, and whose luscious parts were but weeds and mire, of the earth earthy, with



"WHAT CHUNE DO YOU PREFER, MINNIE?"

joints deftly articulated and defined by means of choice extracts from her own chip heap.

Father Johnson's face at first expressed only a reflection of the wrath and dismay on Minnie's own. But on second thought he turned himself discreetly to his fiddle, and by the time mammy could look to him for sympathy and support in her indignation, his countenance was fairly beaming with a superior and humorous smile.

"'Pears like you fo'git what kin' of a day dis day conjubilates, Minnie," said he. "'Pears like yo' mem'ry so sho't you fo'git but what dis day might be Gawge Washin'ton's birfday, or Fas' day, or some such conjubilation."

"It's gwine to be a Fas' day to one set of niggas I knows of," cried Minnie; "and Chollemyssees Johnsing's one o' dem niggas w'at I knows of, w'at it's gwine to be a Fas' day to!"

She picked up the similitude of a goose, and walked indignantly with it to the brook. As she threw it in, she fancied she heard a ripple of human mirth mingled with the splash of the waters. She peered severely into the bushes on the other side of the stream, but discovered nothing, and again all was still.

Her thoughts, however, usually so placid, seemed to have become diverted into an entirely different though no less distressful channel as she returned to the doorstep and sat down.

She fanned herself with her apron as she again innocently intruded on Father Johnson's sedate scraping of the bow.

"Miss Lucy up to de big house, she mighty trouble' in her min', ain' she?" said she; "'bout dese yer men w'at's trompin' over de kentry wid dey photograph machines an' chains an' sich, w'at I heern tell dat if dey don' run 'em some oda' way, dey gwine ter run de keers right plum t'ro Miss Lucy's lawn!"



"A RIPLE OF MIRTH."

Mammy paused, exhausted, while Father Johnson's deliberations at the fiddle rose into a wail.

"De debble — de debble 'll cotch 'em sho', Minnie, 'fo' ever dey 'complishes it! It's been my pra', Minnie, — Minnie, it's been my pra'," said Father Johnson, choking, while the fiddle-bow quavered, "dat de Lawd 'll sheer 'em off. Sheer 'em off, oh, Lawd," he pathetically vociferated, to a fiddle accompaniment, "f'om on' po' o'phan Miss Lucy's prummises; sheer 'em off down onto Judge Shipman's, ol' rock pastur! which it's harder bed and betta fo' de keers to run on! sheer 'em off, oh, Lawd!"

The music had now reached a liveliness and vigor with which Minnie fully sympathized. "Sheer 'em off, oh, Lawd!" she joined in fervently.

"An' comfo't ou' Miss Lucy's h'a't," concluded Father Johnson, turning and wiping the perspiration from his brow.

"Can't dey nuffin' be done, I wonda," sighed Minnie, "'bout dese yer discom —"

She paused, helpless and embarrassed, before the superior education of her husband.

Father Johnson, who had learned by experience the futility of instructing Minnie in words of length and importance, simply continued his rhapsody on the violin.

But her perplexity was turned by the apparition of her eldest-born, Chollemysse, running violently towards the house, his hand on his bandaged cheeks and his face otherwise distorted by excitement.

“Pappy! pappy! Ol’ Unc’ John got de conniptions dreadful, an’ dey done sont me tell you come right over!” Father Johnson, without one glimmering of unworthy suspicion, rose and prepared himself for departure.

“You see w’at you been doin’ dis day, Chollemysse,” said Minnie reproachfully, “an’ ol’ Unc’ John lyin’ in de conniptions!”

“An’ mammy!” cried Chollemysse, almost in the same breath, “dey’s a letter to de pos’-offis’ fo’ you, w’at dey’s somefin’ in dat letter so impollatant,” for Chollemysse was already a hopeful pupil of his father’s facility in lore, — “so impollatant, dat dey won’t gib dat letter to nobody but you, mammy, an’ dey done sent me tell you come right over!”

"De Laws sakes!" exclaimed Minnie, rising, and arraying herself in shawl and turban.

"Chollemysisses!" she called back, "you hab to coteh de chicken w'at yo' pappy gwine to hab fo' ou' suppa an' sot 'em roas'in'."

"Yes, yes, I coteh 'im," obediently replied Chollemysisses.

"An' sot 'em roas'in'!"

"Yes, yes, mammy, I sot 'em roas'in'."

As Father Johnson's form disappeared in one direction, and mammy's in the other, Chollemysisses seated himself, fiddle on shoulder, while a six-in-hand of little Johnsons drew the baby round and round the house in a raisin box on impromptu wheels, at a rate which would have made an on-looker's teeth chatter, but which was, metaphorically, but as "nuts" to the soul of that infant Johnson.

As Chollemysisses sat gorging his delighted ear with his questionable strains, he remembered what he had heard mammy and pappy say, while he had been hidden in the loft, about dear Miss Lucy up at the big house and those sad "discombobbalations."

So having fished out the shattered form of the

humanly constructed goose from the brook, and set it roasting, to the simple wonder and edification of the six-in-hand and the baby, he suddenly disappeared, followed by the whole devoted group, from the scenes which their forms had so recently enlivened.

Miss Lucy up at the big house doted on her occasional visits from Chollemyssees, the six-in-hand, and the baby, and always gave tangible proof of her appreciation in the way of large slices of bread covered with molasses.

She took the comical baby up in her arms, who, however, ignored her attentions, being solemnly absorbed in the bread and molasses.

Each little culprit Johnson was wedded to a huge



MINNIE GOES AFTER THE "APRIL FOOL LETTER."

slice of this confection, when Chollemysises detected in the distance the approach of those very surveyors, who, report said, might cast the ploughshare of smoke and traffic through Miss Lucy's still beautiful lawn.

Chollemysises, looking up, thought he saw her sweet face pale and her lips quiver, though she was apparently absorbed in the six-in-hand and the baby. A gleam of despair and resolve and fun widened his own wild dark eyes, his bandaged cheeks compressed themselves after a convulsive sort of sob and laughter mingled, and unobserved he sped swiftly and noiselessly away.

Before the invaders could well plant their feet on Miss Lucy's premises, an apparition presented itself to them — Chollemysises, bandaged, breathless, wild with excitement; his dark trembling finger pointed them toward the trunk of one of the great elm-trees on the lawn; the tip of a shady-looking beaver hat glanced out ominously from behind that tree trunk, under it floated in the fearsome contrast of lunacy a stream of long light hair, borne now this way, now that, by the breeze, while a little farther beneath appeared the long muzzle of a gun, aimed steadily.

"It's de crazy man!" gasped Chollemysse; "w'at he hides hisse'f in a cave whar' dey carnt nobody fin' him, an' he stamp his foot 'n shake his head — like dis! — an' say he ain' gwine let no keers run tro' Miss Lucy's prumnises, an' he shoot de fus' man put he foot fo'most. Fo' de ma'ey sake, gemmen, sheer off! Sheer off o' dese yer prumnises!"

Chollemysse's wrung his hands, the insane beaver nodded, the wild hair floated, the

gun muzzle was firm. The head surveyor did not advance a step from his position.

"Did he shoot you?" he inquired of Chollemysse, regarding his bandages.

"No, sah!" said Chollemysse, thoughtfully; "dis yer — dis yer's on'y jes a yittle toofache."



"DIS YER'S ON'Y A YITTLE TOOFACHE."

“Well, the world’s wide enough for our road without stirring up lunatic asylums. Let that sort rest,” said the head surveyor; “I only came up here any way as a little matter of speculation.” And he withdrew with his forces.

Miss Lucy from the window watched this mysterious retreat, accompanied by Chollemysse’s wildly gesticulating figure. She followed the direction of his hand and saw, away down her lawn, a tall hat nailed to one of the elm-trees, a wig of flaxen hair, mysteriously like her Aunt Minerva’s (who had gone out that afternoon in her second-best wig), and officially borrowed, in fact, from Chloe, Aunt Minerva’s maid, and a gun reposing along two croched sticks.

Not a doubtful spectacle from this side, but Miss Lucy put two and two together. She saw her small, hitherto undubbed knight endeavoring to remove these articles and approach the house surreptitiously, and she turned and discreetly veiled her eyes.

Some time afterward, the knight approached her with an air of reckless innocence that went to her heart.

“Miss Lucy,” said he, “I done been runnin’ so,

‘musin’ myse’f, hea’ and da, I done los’ all de ‘lasses off my bread.’”

Miss Lucy gave him a strange look. “Tell Dinah,” said she; “no, wait, Ptolemy Ulysses” (Miss Lucy’s own father had named Ptolemy Ulysses, and so she spoke the words very tenderly), — “wait, Ptolemy Ulysses, I’ll go with you myself.”

“Ptolemy Ulysses,” said Miss Lucy, literally soaking and enveloping and swimming his bread in molasses — she cut another slice, which she immersed in like manner — “would you like to drive to town with me in my phaeton to-morrow, and get a new suit of clothes, and a blue cap, and a pair of tall boots?”

“Yas’m, Miss Lucy,” said Chollemysisses, shining, gasping, wondering.

“And a cart for your goat? and ” — Miss Lucy suddenly remembered some of Chollemysisses’ tenderest ambitions — “some cologne and peanut sticks?”

“Yas’m — yas’m, Miss Lucy.”

“Ptolemy Ulysses,” said Miss Lucy, blushes chasing one another over her fair cheeks, “it isn’t — isn’t right — to play tricks, you know — not even on the first of April, Ptolemy Ulysses.”

“Yas’m, Miss Lucy,” said Chollemyssees, gravely regarding, from his own bandaged face, Miss Lucy’s hot cheeks, rippling mouth, and lovely, downcast eyes; and accepting with this vague reproof both hands full of undeniable sweetness, he turned and fled, with the delicate consideration of a Chesterfield.

Chollemyssees still hovered rather doubtfully about the premises, however. He doubted if the prodigy he had left roasting in the oven at home would prove satisfactory to Mammy and Pappy Johnson on their return thither.

Some time later Miss Lucy found him still wandering disconsolately. “Is there anything you want, Ptolemy Ulysses?” said she sweetly, bending toward him her beautiful face.

“Miss Lucy,” said he, lifting an ingenuous countenance, “I done lef’ a — a Ap’il Fool goose ter roas’ in de oven, I did — an’ I done wish I c’d have r’al, fat goose ter take t’ mammy and pappy.” Miss Lucy comprehended with lively sympathy.

Ten minutes later the six-in-hand, handled by Chollemyssees, plunged friskily down the hill toward the



"SCAND'LOUS HIGH COV'TY ROBBERIES."

Johnson cabin, and by the baby’s side in the raisin box reposed the limp form of the biggest and fattest goose on Miss Lucy’s premises.

Chollemysse left the baby in the box and appeared with a somewhat curious and pale smile at the cabin, holding forward the goose.

The all-forgotful and illuminating sunrise on the features of Pappy and Mammy Johnson informed him that he had nothing to fear. He returned for the baby, at which signal the six-in-hand all unhesitatingly entered, with some sweet sense of being thus metaphorically embraced and forgiven.

Considerably later as they sat at the supper table, where the roasted goose formed the steaming centre-piece and joy, “Chollemysse,” said Father Johnson, in a musical and liquid voice, “dey’s one question w’at I wan’s to ask you, in view o’ some o’ de ’speriences w’at I se ’sperienced dis day, — is you r’al’y had de toofache to-day, Chollemysse? Speak de truf, my son; you fada’ loves you.”

“Yes, pappy,” said Chollemysse, regretfully, “I is — a yittle. An’ I spec’s ef I hadn’ had dis yer harntin’

mis'ry in my toof, pappy, some folks 'nd got mighty well fool' roun' dese yer prunmmises to-day."

Father Johnson with his usual courtesy served first his wife, then by order of age the small female Johnsons, and then again addressed himself in the same mellifluous tone to his eldest son.

"Chollemyisses, is you any happiah — any happiah an' bettah at de close ob dis evenin' hou', my son, fo' dese yer fool-conjurin's an' high com'tabobbuns w'at you'se been up to to-day? Do you fink it could be said o' you to-day, my son, dat you has been wo'kin' among de reapahts?"

‘Oh, wha’ am de reapahts dat gadda’s in
De heaps um piles f’um de fiel’s o’ sin?’

Has you been among dem reapahts to-day, Chollemyisses?"

"No, pappy," said Chollemyisses sadly, and wistfully eying the goose. "But de keers has done sheered clar off away f'om Miss Lucy's prunmmises — an' Miss Lucy gwine ter take me t' town to-morrow fo' to git c'longe an' peanut sticks, an' all sich like as dat!"

Father Johnson's spoon plunged into the goose-stuffing as if an electric bolt had been applied at the elbow.

"Chollemyssees," said he, brightly, "I believe you am, like your fada', pa'ticulunly fond o' de sage an' ingyin complements to de fowl?"

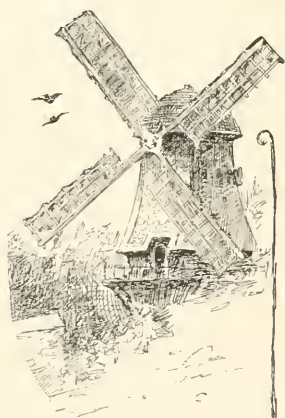
"I 'lows dey's de bes' pa't ob de goose, pappy," responded Chollemyssees.

The amount of this refection which was now passed steaming down the line, on Chollemyssees' plate, beside a favorite selection of the wishbone, caused his eyes to gleam, and banished from his consenting memory every recollection of the toothache.

TOO LONG.

"MY neck is too long for my size,"
Said a little giraffe, looking wise;
"Now what can I do,
But cut it in two,
And make it up into neckties?"

JACKETY, PINCH, AND I.



THIS is the way we went to
mill,

We three, — Jackety, Pinch,
and I :

Jackety ambled up the hill,

Pinch chased a spotted butter-
fly,

While I sat up so very straight
With meal-bags for my chair of
state.



This is the way we came from mill,
We three — Jackety, Pinch, and I:
Jackety stumbled down the hill,
Old Pinch began to howl and cry,
While I rolled off my beastie's back,
And spilled the meal from out the sack.

WHAT MARY SAID AT OUR ENTERTAINMENT.



“I put my right foot in,
I put my right foot out;



“I give my right foot a shake, shake, shake,
And whirl myself about.



“I put my right head
— No ! — I put
my left head —
I put ——

“I —— I ——
—— I forget.”



THE CRUISE OF THE DOLPHINS.

TWO dolphins — a mother and daughter —
Grew weary one day of the water,
And thought 'twould be grand
To go live on dry land;
So a carpet-bag each of them bought her.

They picked up their submarine treasure,
And packed it with profit and pleasure,
Preparing to ride
On the in-flowing tide,
And travel along at their leisure.

But a gossipy flat, deep-sea flounder
(If I knew her, I'd like to have drowned her!)
Their secret found out
And went gadding about
Till she told all the sculpins around her.

And, soon, such a mighty commotion
Went surging away through the ocean,

That the dolphins could wish,
On the fins of a fish,
That they never had thought of the notion.
For the crocodiles wept like wet sponges;
The sea-horse, with snorting and plunges,



THE LOBSTER LAYETH DOWN THE LAW.

By yea and by neigh
Did entreat them to stay:
While the sword-fish made violent lunges.

THE FISHY CREATURES HOLD A MASS MEETING.

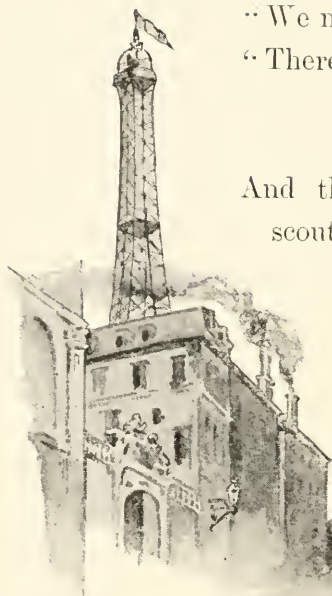


The oysters grew moist and defiant;
The lobster crawled up like a giant,
 And laid down the law
 With the tips of his claw;
But the eels were disposed to be pliant.

The codfish and haddock together
Said they'd rather be skinned for new leather,
 Than see their friends go
 Off a sky-larking so,
Unless they would wait for wet weather.

The lampreys, the clams, and the leeches,
The quahaugs from mud of the beaches,
 The shad, and the smelt,
 Said they never had felt
Such a sorrow as this! and made speeches.

But the dolphins could not be persuaded;
They picked up their traps and paraded,
 With their tails to their eyes,
 Heaving terrible sighs,
Till the coveted land they invaded.



THE DOLPHIN FAMILY DREAM-
ETH OF SEEING PARIS.



“We must go to Paris!” they shouted;
 “There’s no use in talking about it!
 We want to be dressed
 Just as well as the best,
 And this old-fashioned tail — why, we
 scout it!”

The result? Well, I heard that same summer,
 That a Natural History Bummer
 Who was writing a book
 Came each morning to look
 On the shore for some maritime comer.

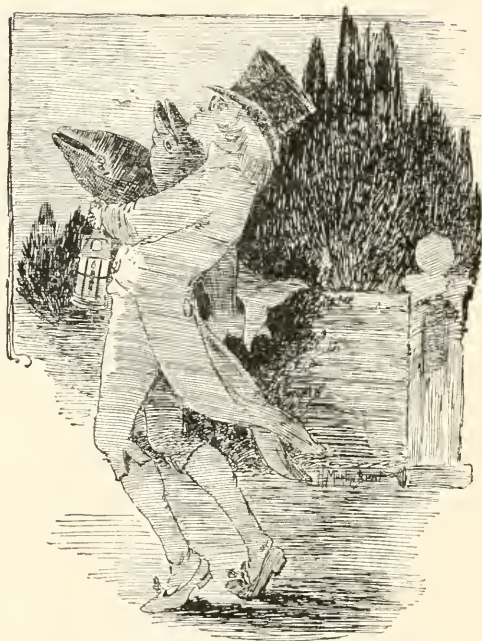
And one day he found by the water
Two dolphins, a mother and daughter,
Each stiff as a nail
From its nose to its tail;
'Twas a regular case of self-slaughter.



THE NATURAL HISTORY BUMMER INVESTIGATETH.

Their sweet mouths were gaping asunder,
With an open expression of wonder;
And their lack-lustre eyes
Were still full of surprise,
To think they had made such a blunder.

And he having fancies artistic
(Although he was called pessimistic)



HE GATHERETH UP THE DEFUNCT DOLPHINS —

Brought them down in the dark
To the fount in the park, —
Being fond of a style realistic.



AND FOSSILIZETH THEM FOR A FOUNTAIN.

I've seen them, still gaping, below there;
The water was trickling down slow there;
Both changed into stone —
And unless they have flown
You can see them yourself, when you go there.

“UPPER NINE.”

(A Sleeping-Car Story.)



INGULARLY enough Johnny Morris had only one uncle. This was Uncle Phil Merrick, of Kinney's Junction. Many of Johnny's acquaintances had half a dozen or more uncles, and one uncle seemed a disappointingly small number, especially as Johnny had six aunts.

Sometimes Johnny tried to console himself by deciding that, after all, uncles were not of any particular use. To be sure, Percy Manvell's uncle, who was something on a steamer, was always bringing Percy presents from France; and Joe Farrington's uncle was (as Joe always said) a sort of "private Santa Claus" at Christmas. But Johnny had never seen his uncle but once in his life — didn't even remember how he looked, and might have made up his mind to believe that uncles were not really of much account, had not a certain serious event happened.

This event was the death of Johnny's father, which upset many plans for the boy's future, and resulted one day in a letter from Kinney's Junction. “Let John come on for a while,” wrote Uncle Phil Merrick to Johnny's mother. Of course this letter made a great stir. It seemed to be felt in the family that something important might come of this letter from Uncle Phil. As for Johnny, nothing could have seemed to him more like an adventure than a journey of four hundred miles.

Of course there was nothing very remarkable in the case of a boy of twelve going on such a journey alone. But when it was all arranged that Johnny should take the five-fifteen train connecting with the six-twenty “sleeper” on the J. K. & L. road, he began to feel as if he were about to see something of the world — about eight times as much, he figured out, as he had ever seen before. Upon thinking it over, Johnny wished that the journey could have been made in the daytime; for it is difficult to see the world in the dark. However, there was no better way, it seemed, than by the six-twenty “sleeper.”

The "sleeper!"

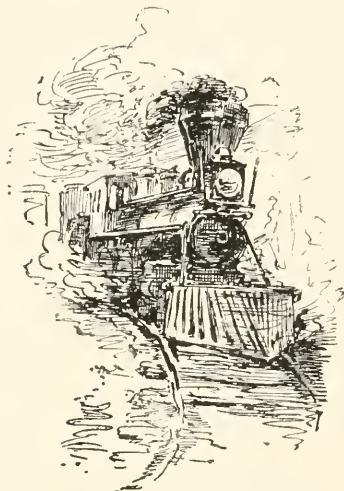
This part of the programme gave Johnny more to think about than anything else connected with the journey to Kinney's Junction. Johnny had seen "sleepers" from the outside. He had seen vestibule trains — though these never passed the Mannington Station — and had watched the uniformed colored porters standing beside the steps. Through the broad plate-glass windows he had caught glimpses of an interior magnificence quite beyond anything he had ever expected to make close acquaintance with. The thought of actually climbing into a "parlor car" and travelling in such splendor filled Johnny with awe.

Two, at least, of Johnny's aunts thought it was extravagant for him to travel in a "sleeper." But when Uncle Phil forwarded the money for the fare he said, "Send him on the 'sleeper.'" That was all. Johnny's mother said it was "just like Phil." Johnny couldn't tell whether it was "like Phil" because his uncle sent so much money or because he said so few words. At any rate, this is how Johnny came to take the "sleeper."

The train that carried the young traveller from Mannington down to Mortonsville, where he was to take the six-twenty train on the J. K. & L., was a shabby, fussy little train, for which Johnny did not have much respect, having seen it pull out of Mannington so many dozens and hundreds of times in its shabby and fussy way; and seated in a dusty middle seat, the boy felt indifferent enough about his surroundings to think over a few of the instructions he had received from his mother and three of his aunts.

Standing on the platform at Mortonsville, with the six-twenty “sleeper” coming up the track, everything was very different. Johnny had his regular passenger ticket, which his mother bought for him at Mannington, and his “sleeper” ticket which he bought himself at Mortonsville, securely stowed in his safest pocket. The man at the ticket window in the station had asked “Upper or lower?” so suddenly, that there didn’t seem to be much chance to think the matter over, and the instructions didn’t cover this point. Johnny finally realized that the man meant upper or lower berth, and said “upper,” chiefly because he had always thought of

being a good ways up, but partly also because a very large man behind him seemed in such a hurry that it was necessary to say something quickly.



"THE GREAT, GLITTERING ENGINE."

The locomotive that pulled the six-twenty into Mortonsville appeared to Johnny to be as much bigger than any engine on the Mannington line as a man is bigger than a boy. It was a great, glittering engine that snorted and glared like an iron dragon. Behind it was a baggage-car, a "smoker," two ordinary passenger coaches, then the three "sleepers" and a dining-car.

Johnny never could remember exactly how he came to get comfortably seated in the first "sleeper." In the midst of the din and bustle he had drifted down toward the parlor cars. "Tickets, please!" a man in brass buttons was asking, and when he saw Johnny's smallest ticket he said, "This car." The stool helping

to the first step was a new sensation in itself. And then there were a great many unexpected turns in the passage leading to the seats of the car. But somehow, with the porter's assistance, Johnny found Section Nine, whose two seats he seemed to have all to himself; and when the train, by a beautifully gradual motion, altogether unlike the jerk of the Mannington trains, finally slid past the station, Johnny began to feel that one very important part of the travelling business was over. He had found his corner in the “sleeper.”

Yet the most serious mysteries were still ahead. Johnny was surprised to discover that there were a great many things about sleeping-cars of which he had never thought of finding out. The whole affair was certainly very different from anything he had ever experienced in his few railway experiences on the Mannington line. One by one these differences began to appear.

In the first place, Johnny noticed how soft and polished, or perhaps I should say how soft or polished, everything was. The high back of the seat made him feel smaller than he remembered to have felt at any particular time in his life. Then there seemed to be

so much room, and the plush was so downy and elegant. Yet there was a man across the aisle who had his feet on the plush of the seat facing him. This suggested to Johnny that a passenger on a "sleeper" could do a good many things that would be dangerous in an ordinary car. Other things began to happen in proof of this difference and other differences.

When the conductor (who said nothing to the man opposite about his feet) took Johnny's larger ticket, he did so with a quieter and more deliberate manner than Johnny thought conductors ever had. A few minutes later a second conductor, who was still milder in his manner, asked for Johnny's sleeping-car ticket, giving him a kind of receipt for it, with "Upper Nine" in the corner.

Even a train-boy who passed through with a basket of fruit was a subdued kind of boy; while the colored man in a white jacket who came along saying, "Second call for dinner in the dining-car," instead of shouting as Johnny would have expected, spoke in an ordinary conversational tone, as if he were repeating the words to himself.

The word “dinner” reminded Johnny of a little package, tied with a pink string, that lay in the top of his valise. The time for opening the package had come. But when he thought of the plush, and the dining-car, and the two conductors, it seemed to him that it would somehow be very inappropriate for a parlor-car passenger to be seen eating out of a package in his lap.

Just then another colored man in a white jacket, whom Johnny recognized as the porter who stood at the car steps in a blue jacket with brass buttons when the train was at the station, came and asked a lady in the section ahead of Number Nine whether she would like a pillow. And then he fetched the pillow and adjusted it in the corner of the seat. After that he received some instructions from a passenger in the next section but one on the other side, and rigged up a table with a very white cloth, from which the passenger was soon eating something which the waiter carried from the dining-car, and which sent an agreeable odor over into Johnny’s section. Several of the passengers passed out, evidently on their way to the dining-

car, and a man belonging in one of the first sections came in with a toothpick in his mouth.

All of these things happened while Johnny was trying to decide what he would do about the sandwiches and cake in the valise, and as it came to be seven o'clock Johnny had a feeling that he would soon have to do something about them.

Fortunately he thought of a capital plan. This was to take his sandwiches and cake into the regular passenger car ahead and eat them there. Even this plan seemed very daring at first. But at last he got up with his package and started through the car. The first thing he saw on his way to the door was an old lady eating from a lunch basket. He wished he had known about this sooner, but having started he kept right ahead, through the twisted passage at the head of the car, through the washroom, where a man was combing his hair, then out to the platform where the chorus of the wheels came bellowing up in a frightful volume of sound.

The other car had in it three times as many people as the first "sleeper" contained. It seemed crowded.

There was, however, next the door, a seat beside a boy much smaller than Johnny, who apparently was entirely alone.

Boys are not slow in becoming acquainted. “Isn’t anybody with you?” asked Johnny.

“No,” answered the boy, upon whose coat Johnny now saw a singular thing — a piece of paper stitched to the cloth with black thread.

“Who put that on you?” was Johnny’s next question.

“Mother,” answered the boy. “It tells where I’m going to.”

“Oh!” said Johnny. Then he read the paper, the smaller boy straightening up to take out the wrinkles. It said:

“Pleas set this boy of at Piketon he is to meet gus Higgins.”

Johnny wanted to say something about the spelling, but he only asked the boy if he had had his supper.

“No,” the boy said; “I’m going to get it at Uncle Gus’s.” But he helped Johnny a good deal with the sandwiches and cake.

Presently one of the train men came up and said

to the boy with the label, "The next stop is Piketon, little fellow." When they came to the station the train man took the boy by the hand and led him out, and through the window Johnny saw a tall man, with a very red beard, and boots covered with dry mud, lift the boy into a wagon.

Several new passengers got into the first parlor car at Piketon. On returning to his first quarters, Johnny found that many of the sections had two occupants, and began to wonder that nobody came to claim one of the seats in the ninth section. The porter had been lighting the lamps, which made the brass trimmings of the car gleam brilliantly. The old lady who had been eating out of a basket was asleep against a pillow. Two men just beyond were discussing something in low tones. An oldish man wearing a black travelling-cap was reading a newspaper, and the man opposite Section Nine, who now had to keep his feet down because a passenger sat in the seat facing him, was studying the cobweb lines of a time-table map.

Through the windows Johnny could see only the dim outlines of the flat country. In the black stretch of

the fields the glow of a farmhouse window drifted past like the flash of a firefly. The darkness made the tune of the wheels seem louder. What a queer tune it was! Now it seemed to be saying (with a sound like chattering teeth), "What-a-rush! what-a-rush! what-a-rush!" And then again Johnny's name seemed quite distinct in the song: "Johnny-Morris-Johnny-Morris-Johnny-Morris!" Every few moments the locomotive whistle shouted a warning to people on the cross-roads, always with the same, "Don't! don't! don't-dare!" How solemn it sounded at night!

Then after the train had slowed up at some curve or crossing, the exhaust of the steam brakes gave a muffled shriek that made Johnny think of the stories he had heard of the tramps who travelled for miles huddled in the iron-work under the cars. Perhaps some miserable vagrant was hanging under the first "sleeper." Johnny imagined him cramped and sore, longing for the train to stop, perhaps too weak from hunger to hold on much longer. It was a great relief when the train actually stopped and Johnny's imaginary tramp dropped to the track and crawled into the bushes.

It was a relief, too, when the porter began making up the berths. At last Johnny was to witness the transformation scene that turned the long parlor into a long bedroom, and to discover the actual meaning of Upper Nine. The spectacle would have been much more exciting to Johnny a few hours earlier, when he was less sleepy.

The porter began with the section in which the old lady had been dozing, and made up the berths evidently in the order in which the passengers asked him to do so. To Johnny the porter's movements were as interesting as those of an actor in a play. What extraordinary bed-making! The blankets and sheets flew into place as quickly as they flew out of place when pulled by invisible strings in a pantomime that once came to the Mannington Town Hall. The pillows appeared from beneath what had been the seats. Each one was gripped by the porter's teeth and shaken into a cover. Then curtains began to dangle from the brass rods at the top of the car, whose whole appearance was slowly changing.

"If you'll sit over there," said the porter, pointing

to another section where the man with the travelling-cap was sitting, "I'll make you up next." Johnny wondered where the last man would sit.

Meanwhile, nobody who had an upper berth had yet



"WHICH WAY WILL YOU HAVE YOUR HEAD?"

climbed into it. As the time drew near, Johnny wondered if it would be proper to ask the porter for a lift. From his changed seat he saw other passengers disappear into lower berths. One man, seated on the

edge of the berth, took off his shoes and placed them on the floor. Another put out his shoes after having disappeared behind the curtain. What could an upper berth passenger do about his shoes? Was it improper to carry shoes into a berth? The upper berth was very high. Was it probably a very bad place in case of a smash-up? And then —

“Which way will you have your head?”

These words came to Johnny like those of some genii in a dream, and a black face very near his own gave the boy a moment of fright. But it was only the porter.

“What do you mean?” faltered Johnny.

The porter grinned, showing the teeth that managed the pillows. “Want your head or your feet to the engine?” he said.

Johnny said he didn't care, and was just then much relieved to see a passenger at the other end of the car use a little step-ladder in climbing to one of the upper berths. Presently the porter brought this step-ladder along to where Johnny was. Then Johnny climbed into Upper Nine.

“I’ll take your shoes,” said the porter, in a tone so kindly that the boy, while he sat on the edge of the berth, felt free to ask several questions, and to get the porter’s promise to wake him when they got near Kinney’s Junction. “I guess you’ll wake ’fore then,” the porter said.

“Isn’t anybody going to be down there?” asked Johnny, pointing to the lower berth.

“Not unless some one gits on at Billings,” declared the porter, and left the passenger in Upper Nine to make the acquaintance of his sleeping place; to find the rack for his collar and cuffs and necktie, and the hook for his jacket, and the other appointments of this high bed. Beyond Johnny’s feet was his satchel. “Where would they put it,” he thought, “if I measured more?” Everything was very light up there near the lamps, until by and by the porter turned out some of the lights and turned the others quite low.

Lying there with no window to look out of (though the ventilators were not far beyond), Johnny wondered for a time whether his head or his feet pointed to the engine. It puzzled him to find that he could not

tell by the slight roll of the car. But when the train slowed up at a station, and he felt himself drawn toward the headboard, he knew that the momentum was in that direction, and that he was going "head first" to Kinney's Junction. "When I wake up," he thought, "the journey will be over."

He would then have gone to sleep had there not been at that moment a rustling at the head of the passage and the porter's voice saying, "This way, sir." A flutter of the curtains gave Johnny a start. The passenger for Lower Nine had come! Somehow Johnny felt nervous about the "downstairs" passenger. Perhaps he felt that the other passenger might think he was impertinent for sleeping over him. At any rate, Johnny peeped through the curtains with a timid feeling, and faintly saw a stoutish man with a bald head and white chin whiskers, who was saying, "Porter, can't you open some of these ventilators? The air in here isn't fit to breathe." The new passenger seemed, indeed, to require a good deal of breath, for he puffed and panted continuously while getting himself safely into the lower berth.

And so the train rumbled along again through the dark country, the wheels still chattering, "Johnny-Morris-Johnny-Morris-Johnny-Morris!" the whistle still shouting, "Don't! don't! don't-dare!" and Johnny fell asleep.

In stories people generally have a bad dream and wake up with a start. But Johnny didn't. He simply awoke and sat up in his berth without knowing why.

What startled him when he had fully awakened was, that there was not the slightest noise. The train was standing still. Perhaps the porter had forgotten his promise and this was Kinney's Junction. And perhaps the train would start in a moment and not stop again for hundreds of miles.

In the passage of the car there was not a sound or a movement. Johnny couldn't see anybody.

If only the porter were in sight somewhere! It was an awful moment for Johnny.

There was a very slight sound. It seemed to come up from Lower Nine, and resembled the echo of the sawmill when you are over at the other end of Mannington in the school-house yard. The sound proved

one thing at least. Everybody had not deserted the train and left the occupant of Upper Nine to his fate.

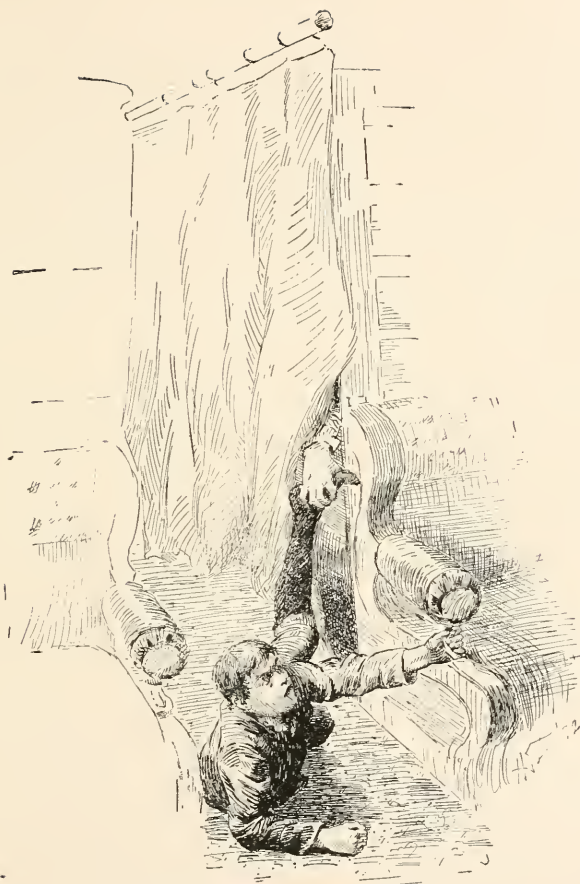
Johnny made up his mind several distinct times that he simply must get down. But where was the step-ladder? And where were the shoes? No ladder, no shoes, no porter, no anything, except the sawmill sound.

Yes, there were voices outside the car. Undoubtedly they were going to start again.

Johnny drew on his stockings, threw on his jacket, pushed his feet through the gap in the curtains, grasped the edge of the berth and slid over. As he did so one of his stockinged feet slipped a considerable distance into the lower berth, when it came against something like a cushion, and was instantly grasped in a vigorous and terrible way that made it impossible to get it free again. As Johnny dropped to the floor on his other foot, an awful roaring sound came from the lower berth:

"Thieves! thieves! porter! porter!" came from behind the curtain in the unmistakable voice of the oldish man who had complained about the ventilators.

Poor Johnny, trembling in the greatest fear he had



"THIEVES! PORTER! CONDUCTOR!"

ever known, saw at least five heads appear between the curtains of various upper and lower berths, while the voice still continued to roar through the car:

“Thieves! porter! conductor!”

The white jacket of the porter appeared at the turn in the passage. The conductor was also coming.

“What’s the matter?” asked the porter, breathlessly.

“I’ve got him! I’ve held him fast!” declared the man in Lower Nine, extending his hands with Johnny’s ankle tightly clasped between them. “Expected this some time or other. I hand him — I hand him — over to you. The — the rascal! Caught — caught you see — in the act!”

And then the old man saw Johnny’s foot and peered at Johnny as the porter turned up the lights. “Bless me!” he said. “And it’s a boy!”

“The boy of Upper Nine,” said the porter.

“I was only just getting down,” burst out Johnny, his face turned appealingly to the group. “I — I thought maybe this was Kinney’s Junction.”

“Upon my” — began the old gentleman. “You don’t

mean" — then he clutched at Johnny's arm. "What's your name, sir?"

"Morris — John Morris," gasped the boy. "I'm going to my Uncle Phil" —

"You are, are you!" exclaimed the old gentleman, who didn't seem to be angry any longer, but who was very red, and puffed a good deal. "Well, I'm your Uncle Phil, do you know that? And I'm a nice old fool, ain't I?"

Johnny, who had both feet under him now, but could hardly stand, was too bewildered to comprehend what had happened to him.

"Yes, sir," went on Uncle Phil, looking at the porter and the conductor, "this is all right. I guess I made a mistake. Thought I had a sure grip on one of these 'ere car thieves. And bless me! Just to think" — and he looked at Johnny again. "This is the most remarkable thing I ever heard of."

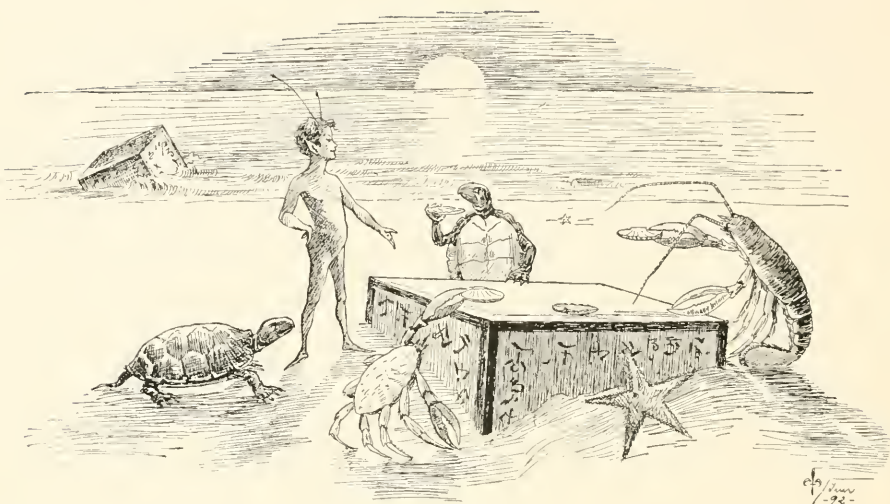
"And wasn't it a thief?" asked a weak voice farther up the car. It was probably the old lady who had eaten out of a basket.

"No," said the conductor, as he went along the

passage, “only two relatives getting acquainted with each other.”

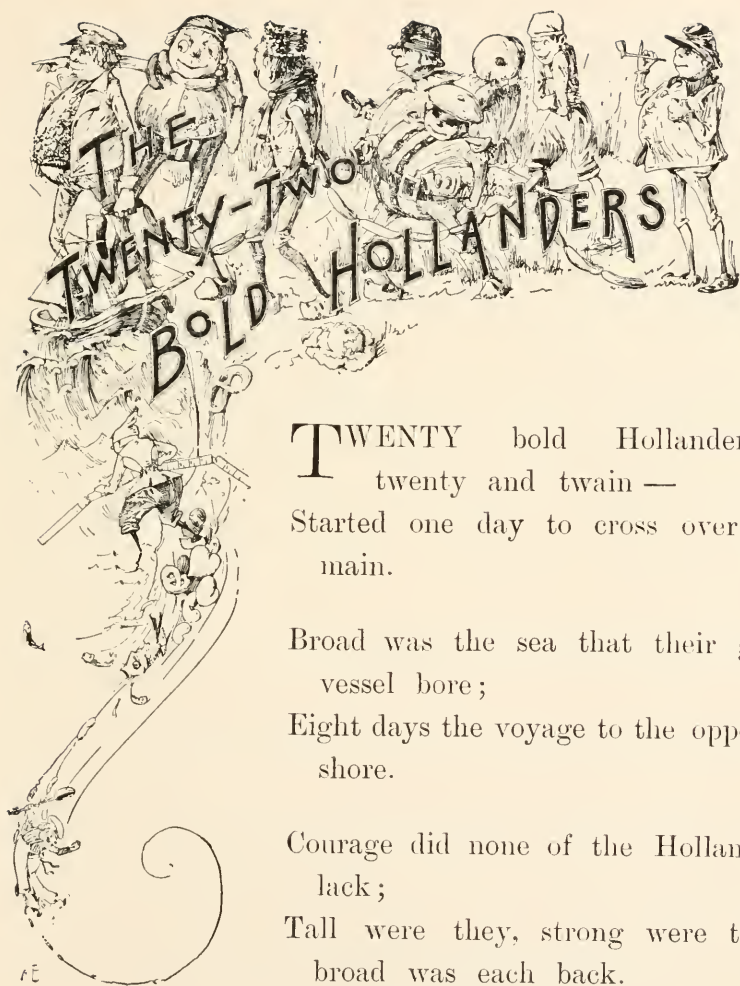
This was how Johnny came to be up and dressed an hour and a quarter before reaching Kinney’s Junction, for Uncle Phil said there was no use getting back into bed again; and while they brushed up in the little washroom, Uncle Phil, who occasionally burst out with, “Bless me! and just to think!” or something to the same effect, told Johnny how he came to be on the “sleeper;” how he had been called to another town on business, had missed a train, been kept over night, and then made a miscalculation on another connection. “If I hadn’t thought,” he said, “of cutting across to Billings on the Saucepan line, you would have found nobody to look out for you at Kinney’s Junction.”

Uncle Phil began to seem to Johnny like a pretty good kind of an uncle. And Johnny wasn’t mistaken.



HIGH TEA AT LOW TIDE.

THE little brown elf of the sea
Invited his neighbors to tea.
When they asked, "Is it hot?"
He replied, "Surely not!" —
This truthful young elf of the sea.



TWENTY bold Hollanders —
twenty and twain —
Started one day to cross over the
main.

Broad was the sea that their good
vessel bore ;
Eight days the voyage to the opposite
shore.

Courage did none of the Hollanders
lack ;
Tall were they, strong were they,
broad was each back.

Big were their hearts, and their fists were not small;
Big were their appetites — biggest of all!

They loaded their vessel with cabbage and cheese,
With pretzels and sausage, and such things as these.

Of herrings they laid in a plentiful store,
Enough, as they thought, to last eight days or more.

Then the bold twenty-two did boldly set sail;
No dangers could fright them, no storms make them quail.

No cowards were they, and each Hollander swore
He would not turn back till he came to yon shore.

Perhaps 'twas the East wind — I really don't know —
That sharpened each Hollander's appetite so;

But all ate so much that the cook in distress
Groaned loudly each day when he called them to mess.

And so it befell, when three days they had sailed,
Their large stock of cheese and of cabbages failed.

Their pretzels were gone, and the very next day
Their sausage and other things melted away.

Four days yet to travel! They stood in mid-ocean,
And gazed at each other in hungry emotion.

Then out spoke the captain. (A brave man was he.)
"My twenty-one friends," he said gravely, "I see

"No course left to take but to turn and go home,
For we cannot, while hungry, continue to roam.

"We care not for storms, nor do dangers affright us,
But to live without food is beyond (it is quite) us.

"No cowards are we, but we're hungry, each man,
We'll get back to dinner as quick as we can."

"Aye, aye, sir!" did each hungry Hollander say.
So the good ship was turned and took homeward her way.

The sun rose and set, and again, and again,
The sun rose and set on these twenty-two men.

And on they went sailing, until, the last day,
When home was discovered a few leagues away.

Said one to another, "We're hungry, it's true,
But it strikes me this wasn't the best thing to do.



“For four days returning, as four
to the end,
Have been just as long, don't you
think so. my friend?”

To this all his comrades said gravely,
“We see;
But too late to change again now
it must be.”

So twenty bold Hollanders — twenty
and twain —
Came hungrily homeward to Holland
again.



WHAT THE CIRCUS DID.

WE were a quiet and sober set,
Little accustomed to noise and fret,
Decent and modest at work or play,
And oh! so proper in every way,
Before we went to the Circus!

Nobody ever had seen us go
At all too fast, or at all too slow;
No matter how gayly we talked or sang,
We never had used a word of slang
Before we went to the Circus!

We went to church, or we went to school.
By the very most orthodox kind of rule;
For we were a people of Dutch descent,
And rather phlegmatic in temperament
Until we went to the Circus!

Alas and alas! 'tis a woful sight
The way we are changed at the time I write!



Father is swaying against
the breeze,
Hung by the toes from
a high trapeze,
Trying to copy the
Circus!

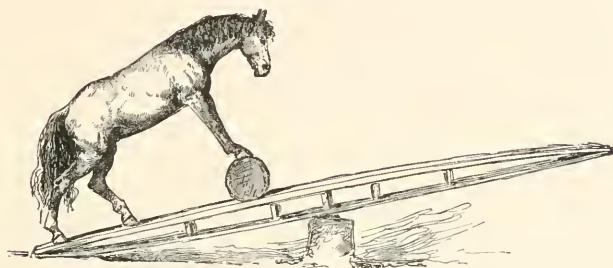
The boys on their heads,
with feet in air,
Are riding wild horses
on each high chair;
Or down on their backs
on the sidewalk brick
Are balancing tubs for a
juggling trick;
And the girls have
painted hands and face,
And got themselves up
for an Indian race,

As they saw them do at the Circus!

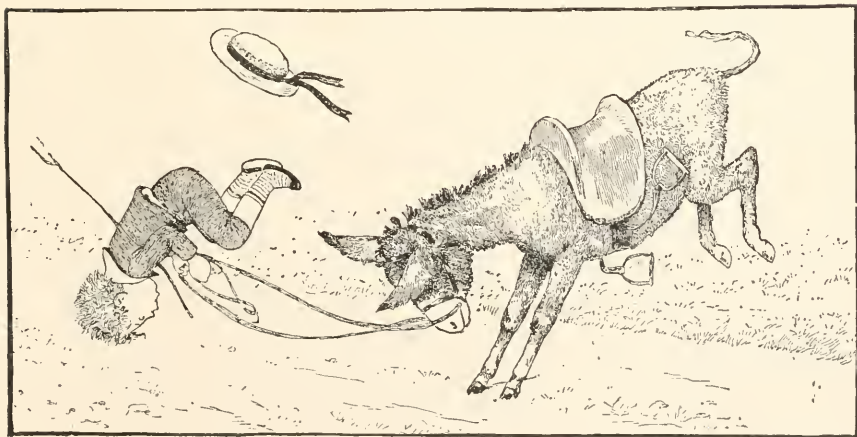


AFTER THE CIRCUS.

Mother high up on the table stands,
Swinging the baby with both her hands,



Swinging the baby with many a rub,
And brandishing him like an Indian club;



While baby himself, in a terrible fright,
Howls like a Zulu from morn till night,
Since we went to the Circus!

Alas and alas! I can only say,
I wish in the night, I wish in the day,
I wish with my heart, I wish with my head,
I wish with my ears which are nearly dead,
I wish with a sort of mute despair,
I wish with a SHRIEK that would rend the air,
We never had gone to the Circus!

THE BABY'S MASQUERADE.



Y land, Sallie!" said old Mrs. Petersen, who was sitting on her front doorstep talking to Sallie Burke and Elise Tucker, "the queerest thing I ever knew was about Hilda Swinton and Katrina Carbery. You see, Mrs. Swinton was the mother of Mrs. Carbery, and they lived in the same house, and Hilda and Katrina, it happened, were born the same day. When they were about two days old, and before any one had taken much notice of them, the nurse began, in the morning, to dress the babies. First she washed Hilda and wrapped her in a blanket, and put her back into the cradle; then she took up Katrina and washed her, and just as she was finishing, old Mrs. Thomas, who had come in to visit, told her that Mrs. Swinton was calling her. So up jumped the nurse, put Katrina in

another blanket, and laid her in the cradle. Are you keeping all this straight?"

"Yes," said Sallie, "both babies are wrapped in blankets, and are in the cradle."



HILDA AND KATRINA.

"Very well," said Mrs. Petersen, "when the nurse came back Mrs. Thomas had dressed both the little girls. I don't suppose the nurse objected to that, but you see Mrs. Thomas didn't know which one of

them wore the tucked clothes, and which the plain ones, and the nurse had known them apart by their clothes. 'I do believe,' she said, 'you've put Hilda's clothes on Katrina!' — 'I don't know,' says the old lady; 'which is Hilda?'

"But the nurse didn't know; she knew the clothes, but she didn't know the little girls. They both had fuzzy red hair and blue eyes, and no noses to speak of, and both had big mouths. So the nurse took them in to the mothers and they didn't know them

apart, but they both chose Hilda, because she was the biggest."

"Which was Hilda?" asked Elise.

"I didn't know which was Hilda then," replied Mrs. Petersen, "but I mean the one who answered to that name afterwards. Well, they didn't any of them know which was which; nobody did; and finally Mrs. Swinton took the biggest one, — not that there was much difference, — but when she was a year old and had cut her front teeth, they thought she favored the Carberys; so the mothers changed, and Mrs. Swinton took the other one. Now all the Carberys sing in the choir, and when the one Mrs. Swinton had was three years old she sang like a lark, while the other didn't know one tune from another. It seemed natural, then, that the singer was Katrina Carbery, so they were changed back again. It was very confusing, and the village took sides about them. For my part I always thought the one who didn't sing favored the Carberys; but the Swintons, you know, had her. They never seemed to care much, for they used to say if Hilda wasn't their daughter, she was their granddaughter,

and it was all in the family; but Mr. Carbery used to grumble a good deal, for he said he'd like to know whether Katrina was his child or his sister-in-law."

The morning after Mrs. Petersen had told this remarkable tale to the two girls, Sallie, as usual, stopped for Elise on her way to school. Elise was the daughter of the rector in Meadows, and lived in the rectory near the church. Sallie lived at the other end of the village. Her mother was a widow, and she was kept quite busy by Sallie, who had some lively fancies. As usual, Elise was not ready for school, and all her family began at once to help her. Her mother hunted up her collar and hat, her sister Emily collected her books, the cook brought her lead-pencil and luncheon, and Sallie stood on the porch and scolded.

As they at last went down the path to the road, Elise said, "What do you think our Emily says?"

"Dear knows," replied Sallie; "she says lots of things. Look out or you will lose your history."

"I wish I could," said Elise, catching the book. "Why, she says any mother would know her own baby."

"Did you tell her that story?" asked Sallie.

"Yes," said Elise, "I told it last night at supper, and they all laughed at me."

"And my mother, too," said Sallie, "says it is perfectly absurd, and it is an awful old story, and she don't believe Mrs. Petersen ever knew the people."

"I do," said Elise; "I believe it is true, and I am sure all babies look alike. But our Emily says no one could ever cheat her."

"Couldn't they?" said Sallie, scornfully; "why, I could do it myself."

"Oh, no, you couldn't," said Elise; "but some people could, I suppose."

"I could, too," repeated Sallie; "and I could do more than that."

"What?" asked Elise.

"I could fix your own baby up so that Emily wouldn't know him."

"Now that is nonsense," said Elise, dropping her grammar, and picking up all the papers that flew out of it. "I must hunt up my strap for these books. You couldn't cheat Emily about Stanton. Why, she just worships him, and she is all the time begging

mamma to let her take care of him. She would know him anywhere."

"But I could," Sallie persisted; "I would dress him up differently, and she would never know him."

"Yes, she would," said Elise.

"And I would blacken his eyebrows, and part his hair like a girl's," continued Sallie; "and I would carry him right in, and I would say, 'Here is my cousin. Her name is Georgiana Burke;' and you would see if Emily knew him!"

"I wouldn't tell a story, anyhow," said Elise, who was beginning to believe in Sallie's assertion, but who didn't care to say so.

"Well, perhaps I wouldn't," said Sallie. "I don't care for tricks if you have to tell stories; but I could manage it."

"Oh, no, you couldn't!" said Elise, not very positively.

"If I do, will you come to our house to supper, Saturday?"

"I'll come, anyhow," said Elise promptly, "if mamma will let me."

"But will you truly, surely come?" persisted Sallie.

"I surely, truly will," said Elise solemnly; then adding, "if I can."

"Very well," said Sallie. "Now I'll think about it, and tell you after school. But we had better hurry, for the bell is ringing. Oh! my goodness, Elise, where is your strap?"

The last lesson that day was in fractions, and Sallie was called up to do an example on the blackboard. It was all easy enough, but when she had finished, she picked up the chalk again, and quickly wrote in a large hand:

"It is all fixed!"

and then she turned and looked at Elise.

"What do you mean by that, Sallie Burke?" exclaimed the teacher.

"Nothing," said Sallie, quickly rubbing it out; but the result was that she had to stay in ten minutes after school and learn four lines from Shakspeare.

When she at last was free, and came out, she found Elise sitting under a tree waiting for her.

"Well, you are a goose, Sallie Burke," said she. "What did you do that for?"

"I don't know," said Sallie, "but it just popped into my head, and so I wrote it. It is all fixed!

"My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones;
Nor to be seen; my crown is called content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy."

That is the verse from Shakspeare I had to learn. It took me just four minntes by the clock."

"But you stayed longer?"

"Ten," said Sallie; "but don't you want to know?"

"I suppose you mean about our baby?" said Elise, gathering her books and ready to go.

"Exactly," said Sallie. "You see, mamma has a lot of our Charlie's clothes put away in a trunk, and they are real old-fashioned; but you know any baby's clothes will fit all other babies. I'll bring them down to your house this afternoon, or I'll take them way down the garden by the gooseberry bushes. Your mother, you know, will be gone to the Dorcas, and Emily will have to mind the baby. You get her to let you take him out in the coach, and" —



STANTON HAS HIS OWN OPINION ABOUT THESE NEW NURSES.

"She won't let me," said Elise; "she will want him all herself."

"No, she won't if she is reading," said Sallie, who knew Emily's ways; "you just ask her. I'll bring some burnt cork for his eyebrows, and we will dress him all up, and then we will take him down to the gate and lay him on the grass, and hide the carriage, and you can rush into the house, and cry aloud to Emily that there is a baby at the gate, and she'll tear out, and we will see if she knows him!"

"Oh, Sallie! I daren't," said Elise.

"Oh! it isn't any harm," said Sallie.

"I wouldn't like to treat Stanton that way."

"We won't hurt him," said Sallie; "if he was old enough he would think it fun. I wouldn't hurt him for the whole world."

"And Emily will be so mad! I can't rush in."

"But you must," said Sallie, "for you know perfectly well that if I did she would think I was up to some trick."

"I suppose she would," said Elise.

"The only thing I am afraid of," said Sallie, "is that you will giggle and spoil everything."

"Oh, no, I won't," replied Elise; "I'll be in too much of a hurry. I will rush in and right out, for I wouldn't miss seeing Emily when she finds him, for anything."

"Then you'll do it?" said Sallie.

"Yes," replied Elise slowly. "I'll — I'll do it."

"Now, see here, Elise Tucker," said Sallie, "if you say you will, there is to be no backing out of it. You are to do your part. And you are not to be smiling and saying things, so that Emily will know that something is up."

"I won't," said Elise. "Truly and surely I won't, and I will bring the baby."

And she was as good as her word. At half-past three, the hour appointed, she appeared pulling the coach in which lay Stanton, placidly sucking his thumb.

Sallie had all the clothes laid out in order.

"Why, they are short," said Elise.

"Of course," said Sallie. "I could have got a long dress, but everything, you know, must be different; and, look here!" And in triumph she held up a red flannel petticoat. "I don't believe your baby ever wore anything like that."

“Never,” said Elise.

“Neither did our Charlie, but I found it in the trunk. I had a real hunt for these things, and here’s shoes. I had to borrow them from Mrs. Keswick. I expect they are a mile too big! Now, just you count everything to see if all is there, and I’ll black his eyebrows and part his hair.”

Stanton had his own opinion about these new and active nurses, and he expressed it so loudly that once the girls were afraid Emily would hear him; but Sallie had thought of this emergency, and had provided a lump of sugar, and with this he was persuaded to be quiet.

“Now,” said Sallie in triumph, looking at the baby, as, rosy and laughing, kicking his feet, and crowing, he at last lay in the coach, “I don’t believe his very mother would know him! I think he is just beautiful. Those dark eyebrows and that dust of charcoal on his hair are perfectly charming! Oh! don’t do that,” as Elise, all in a rapture, rushed at him, “you have rubbed some of the black on his nose, now! You will just spoil him. Let us name him Lilian?”

"Very well," said Elise; "but we had better hurry, or mamma will be home."

"Well, I don't know," said Sallie, still admiring her work, "I don't know but what I would like your mother to see him. But perhaps it is better not."

"I think it is," said Elise. "I know that mamma would wash his face at once."

"She would spoil him if she did," said Sallie, decidedly; "if he was my child I would dye his eyebrows, and his hair, too."

And then they took as private a path as possible toward the front gate.

"We will have to put him just outside," said Sallie. "for you know no one would leave a baby inside a gate, and I'll stand behind the hedge and watch. But I tell you" — and she stopped to take another look at Stanton — "I do believe he is too respectable-looking! He ought to have looked more like a tramp's baby."

"Indeed he ought not!" cried Elise. "I would not have let him look like one. You ought to be ashamed, Sallie Burke."

"One thing I will do," continued Sallie, unmoved,

"I'll put a name on him. A real likely common name."

"Rupert is a good name," said Elise.

"It isn't a very likely one," Sallie replied, "and it must be a girl's name. I have the very card in my pocket to write on. Lizzie Marble gave it to me," and taking out a bright little card all gay with fox-glove, she wrote, using the top of the coach for a table:

"Ellen Brown. Be good to her. Her troubled parient."

"That isn't true," said Elise.

"No," said Sallie, "but it will do. This is not a story, you see," and she pinned the card on the baby's breast. "Now you lift him out — he is most used to you — and lay him down, and run in, and hurry, for he is beginning to rub his eyes, and he'll get his face all black. And I'll stand behind these bushes, and, oh! — I tell you the very thing! He will be Moses, and I'll be the mother watching, and you'll be the sister" —

"And Emily 'll be Pharaoh's daughter!" cried Elise,

“why, it just fits! But Emily won’t know who she is. It is just lovely, and I’ll go this very minute.”

As Elise ran up the lawn she heard a wail from



THE TRANSFORMED BABY.

the baby, but she ran all the faster, knowing how evil might be the effects of delay.

Emily was reading, and she looked up as Elise rushed in.

"Oh, Emily, Emily!" Elise cried, all out of breath, "there is a baby at the gate!"

"Whose baby?" asked Emily.

"I — oh! come see!" cried Elise, just saving herself from saying she did not know.

"Where is Stanton?"

"Sallie is taking care of him," said Elise; "won't you come?"

"What is the use?" said Emily; "whoever put him there will take him away."

"It has a card on it," said Elise desperately, "asking people to be kind to it. Won't you come?"

"I don't want to," said Emily. "I want to read."

"But it is particular," cried Elise, all out of patience, "and you must come."

"Well," said Emily, slowly closing her book, "where is it?"

At that moment there was a rush along the hall, and Sallie burst in with a cry:.

"He's gone! he's gone!"

"Who?" said Emily.

"The baby!"

“What baby?”

“Your baby!”

At this Elise laughed. “Did Pharaoh’s daughter take him?” she said.

“You needn’t laugh!” exclaimed Sallie, “he is really gone. I wish we hadn’t done it. Oh! what will your mother say?”

Emily jumped up, looking very pale.

“Indeed,” said Sallie, “I was hardly gone one minute. He began to cry, and I went to his coach to get the piece of sugar, and I couldn’t find it, and I was just shaking out the pillows, when I heard wheels, and I ran back, and the baby was gone, and a wagon was driving ever so fast away, and I ran after it, and I screamed and screamed, but no one heard me, and I came back, and, — Oh, Emily! you must go tell your mother.” And then Sallie turned and ran out of the house again. After her went Elise, and then Emily, half-stunned, turned and ran after both.

Sallie had not paused a second, and when Emily reached the church she found the whole Dorcas in the vestibule. Old Mrs. Kirke had Sallie by the shoulders,

and Miss Barton held her arm, and every one was talking, and little Mrs. Barlow was insisting that Mrs. Tucker should not be told, and Elise was sitting on the stairs crying. Emily at once began to scold, and at that moment in came Mr. Tucker, pale and in a hurry.

"What is all this?" he exclaimed, "my baby gone! Which way? Where? Who took him?"

"Oh! nobody knows," cried Mrs. Kirke.

"But I do!" exclaimed Sallie; "do let me loose."

"Don't be overcome," cried Mrs. Barlow; "remember your wife; oh, dear Mr. Tucker! remember your wife, and how the blow will fall on her."

"Where is my wife?" exclaimed Mr. Tucker, looking around.

"Oh! she has gone home. Shall I go and break it to her? If we only knew which way the villain had gone!"

"He went to the village, I told you," said Sallie, shaking herself free.

"Some of us had better go up the road and some down," said Mrs. Kirke, "and perhaps we may overtake him."

"Was it a two-horse wagon?" asked Mr. Tucker, coming close to Sallie.

"No, sir," said Sallie, becoming very quiet: "it is a one-horse wagon; red body."

"And the man? What did he look like?"

"I didn't see him. The back curtain was down. He has red hair — curly hair."

"O, Sallie Burke!" cried Emily, "how could you see him! How do you know what he looked like?"

"That is, I suppose it was he," said Sallie.

"Who?"

"Why, Clem Morris," said Sallie, "it was his wagon, and I suppose he was driving it."

"Oh!" said everybody, with an air of relief.

"If it is Clem," said Mr. Tucker, "it is all right. But why on earth did he take my baby?"

Sallie became very red and very confused. She wished herself a thousand miles away.

"He didn't know it was your baby," she said. "It was all dressed differently, and it was called Ellen Brown, and he was the little Moses, and I was his mother —"

"It was one of your tricks, Sallie Burke," cried Emily, "and I do think" —

"He is all right!" cried Mrs. Barlow, coming in all out of breath. "I ran over to tell everybody not to tell Mrs. Tucker — and she had him in her lap! He wasn't stolen! His mother found him at the gate as she came over home from the church, and she picked him up and carried him in. He was all dressed up, and at first she didn't know him, but the blessed child



THE BABY RESTORED.

knew her, and crowed and laughed; so she took him up and carried him in on the back porch. The wagon

going by that Sallie saw had nothing to do with it."

The next day Sallie received this letter:

DEAR MOSESES MOTHER:

I would not come over for a while if I where you, and I do wish Aunt Townsend would ask me to make her a visit. I am awefully tired. Everybody is mad about different things. Papa is mad because of the fuss at the Doreas. He says it made him look silly. Mamma says I was careless, and I believe she thinks you left the baby on puppose, but you didn't — did you? Emily is just horrid. I guess we won't do it again. And one person says you ought to be ashamed to take some body eleses baby for such a trick, and then somebody else says I had no heart because I took my own, and that shows how hard it is to please everybody. I think Papa will get over it first, for when he told Mr. Kirke he laughed.

Yours with love,

ELISE TUCKER.

P.S. Ever so many people have come to ask about it.

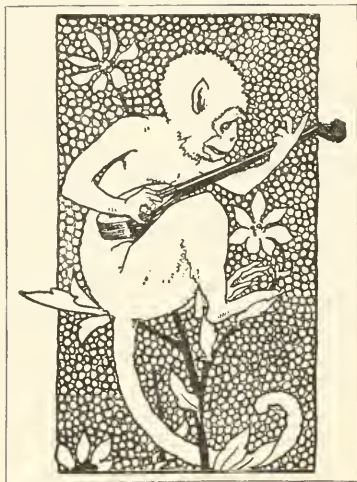
P.S. NUMBER TWO. Mamma says that Mrs. Petersen put it into our heads. Does your mother scold much?

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.



IN the “good time coming,” this’ll be the way:
When the “beggar comes to town” he’ll be asked
to stay:
Some’ll meet him with a dollar, some’ll meet him with a
dime,
And, oh, won’t that poor old beggar have a jolly, jolly
time?

A MUSICALE.



The first had a banjo out of
tune,

The second a querulous fife,
The third two rickety cymbals
played

With clash as sharp as a
knife.

The fourth chimed in on a
wheezy reed,

ONCE on a time were Mon-
keys four :

One was a Chimpanzee,
One was a long-tailed Sapajou.
And a Capuchin, one was he.
One was a grig of a young
Baboon —

A simpering pert coquette ;
They learned to play from a
Kangaroo
And went as a male quartette.

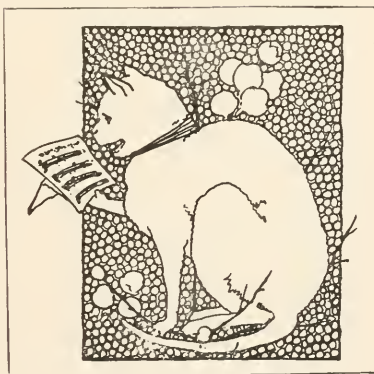


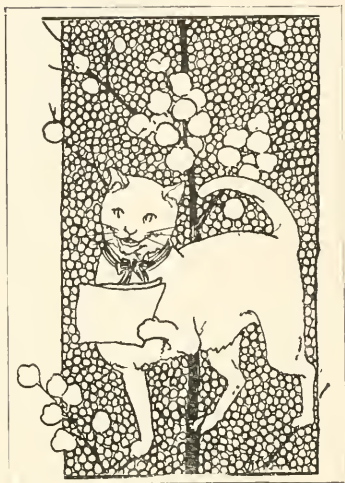


You could hear it from this to
 Basle !
 And each one played a separate
 air
 And called it a Musicale.

Once on a time were four white
 Cats
 As proud as the House of
 Lords ;
 Two sang up on the sharps
 and flats

Of the softest vocal chords ;
 Two sang down on the deep-
 est notes
 Like rumbling old bas-
 soons ;
 And each of these had the
 queerest knack
 Of pitching on different
 tunes.

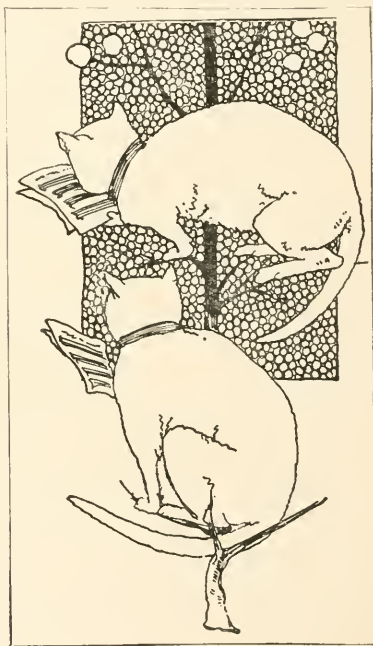




And since, from huts of the
 Eskimo
 To dingy Hottentot
 Kräals,
 They travel away by night
 and day
 Giving their Musicales!

If you have tears prepare them
 now!

All met one day in a group
 And signed their names, I never
 knew how,
 As a Tyrolese concert troupe.





THE ROLICKING MASTODON AND THE LITTLE PEETOORLE.

THE ROLICKING MASTODON.

A ROLICKING Mastodon lived in Spain,
In the trunk of a Tranquil Tree.

His face was plain, but his jocular vein

Was a burst of the wildest glee.

His voice was strong and his laugh so long

That people came many a mile,

And offered to pay a guinea a day

For the fractional part of a smile.

The Rollicking Mastodon's laugh was wide —

Indeed, 'twas a matter of family pride;

And, oh! so proud of his jocular vein

Was the Rollicking Mastodon over in Spain.

The Rollicking Mastodon said one day:

“I feel that I need some air;

For a little ozone's a tonic for bones,

As well as a gloss for the hair.”

So he skipped along and warbled a song,
In his own triumphant way.
His smile was bright and his skip was light
As he chirruped his roundelay.



The Rollicking Mastodon
tripped along,
And sang what Mastodons
call a song ;
But every note of it seemed
to pain
The Rollicking Mastodon over
in Spain.

A Little Peetookle came over
the hill,
Dressed up in a bollitant
coat ;

And he said, "You need some harroway seed,
And a little advice for your throat."
The Mastodon smiled, and said, "My child,
There's a chance for your taste to grow.
If you polish your mind, you'll certainly find
How little, how little you know!"

The Little Peetookle, his teeth he ground
At the Mastodon's singular sense of sound;
For he felt it a sort of a musical stain
On the Rollicking Mastodon over in Spain.

“Alas! and alas! Has it
come to this pass?”

Said the Little Peetookle;

“Dear me!

It certainly seems your
terrible screams

Intended for music must
be!”

The Mastodon stopped; his
ditty he dropped,

And murmured, “Good-morning, my dear.

I never will sing to a sensitive thing

That shatters a song with a sneer!”

The Rollicking Mastodon bade him “adieu.”

Of course, 'twas a sensible thing to do;

For the Little Peetookle is spared the strain

Of the Rollicking Mastodon over in Spain.



THE WOODPECKER.

A LIVELY woodpecker, named Mrs. Van Decker,
On an old hollow tree-top did stay;



Her bill kept a tapping, like somebody rapping
The whole of the long summer day.



Now in his snug nest in the big
hollow tree

A screech owl was trying to
sleep;

He turned on his bed, and to
himself said:

“That woodpecker just makes
me weep.

“I wish that her bill was sawed off, until
She couldn’t go tapping at all;
’Tis horrid abuse, my voice I can’t use
This night when I go to the ball.

“To think that a decent and honorable owl
Has never a moment of peace!”
His big stupid head he raised from his bed,
And called to that woodpecker, “Cease!”

But she moved up apace; and she laughed in his face,
And sharpened her bill with a file;
And then fell to work, not a duty to shirk,
But tapped all the louder the while.

Her bright, saucy eyes peeped in at his nest,
“Ah, ha!” cried this lively woodpecker;
“If you must sleep all day, you had best move away,
From the region of Mrs. Van Decker.”

A PIECE OF NEWS; OR, AUNT RAY'S CAT.

CHARACTERS.

GIRLS: Beatrice, Coraline, Fay, Hannah, Primrose.

BOYS: John, Oscar, Timothy, Ichabod, Roger.

John. What is the news, Beatrice?

Coraline. Yes, tell us the news.

Beatrice. Oh, I don't feel like talking.

All. Oh, yes, tell us; we must have the news.

Beatrice. There isn't anything very new that I know of, to tell you this morning. Oh, yes (*solemnly*), Aunt Ray's old cat died last night.

John. Is it possible!

Roger. How did she look, Beatrice?

Beatrice. Who, the cat or Aunt Ray?

Roger. Well, the cat first — then tell us how Aunt Ray bore it.

Beatrice. Well, whenever I saw the cat, she was looking from her two eyes.

Fay. Was it a black cat, Beatrice?



"OH, YES! WE MUST HAVE THE NEWS!"

Beatrice. No ; a fuzzy yellow — she had very handsome green eyes and a dear little inquisitive nose — and oh ! the loveliest velvet paws, and she was lame in one leg.

Ichabod. Must have been handsome.

Beatrice. She was ; I've often heard Aunt Ray say “Maher-shalal-hash-baz, you're a beauty.”

Timothy. *What !* Say it again, do, Beatrice, — that yard or two of a name !

Beatrice. Aunt Ray found that in the Bible, so she was quite delighted to bestow it on her cat. And she never allowed any nickname.

Oscar. No wonder the cat died.

Beatrice. Oh ! *that* didn't kill her. She was nineteen years and six months old when she died.

Roger. Why, she was older than I am.

John. And older than I am.

Oscar. And older than I am.

Ichabod. And older than I am.

Timothy. And older than I am.

Fay. Why — she was older than I am.

Coraline. And older than I am.

Hannah. And older than I am.

Primrose. And older than I am.

Beatrice. And she was older than I am. Well, she was smart, too. Aunt Ray said she had all the wisdom of the ancients, combined with the secrets of modern philosophy. There was nothing that cat couldn't do, according to Aunt Ray.

Cordaline. Tell us some of the things she would do, Beatrice.

Beatrice. Oh, I haven't time to give you a tenth of her accomplishments. But I will mention one item. She knew five pretty little tricks. One was to jump over a broom —

Ichabod. That's nothing. We had a cat once who could run like lightning before a broom.

Beatrice. And a second trick was, she could sit up and sing, when any one played on the piano —

Hannah. Well, that's nothing. We had an old cat once who could sing all night out in the back yard.

Beatrice. And a third pretty trick was to put out a lighted candle by striking it with her paw.

Primrose. Well, that's nothing, either. We had a

cat once who put out a whole kerosene lamp by striking it with her paw, and it set the kitchen on fire.

Beatrice. And a fourth pretty trick of hers was to jump up and lift the latch of Aunt Ray's door with her nose.

Oscar. Well, that's nothing remarkable. We had a cat, a very smart creature, who one evening jumped through a pane of glass in the window without taking the trouble to open the door.

Beatrice. And the last trick I shall tell you of was this: Maher-shalal-hash-baz could pick up aunt's cap from the floor when it fell off from her head as she got to sleep evenings and nodded; then she would carefully place it on the chair.

John. That's nothing, any more than the rest. We had a cat once who could chew up my grandmother's cap when she had gone to church-meeting, so that it didn't have to be put carefully on a chair; there weren't any pieces big enough.

Ichabod. Tell us something more about that cat, Beatrice, or I am afraid we shall not think it so very remarkable a beast after all.

Beatrice. Oh! she was remarkable, very remarkable indeed. Aunt Ray always said so, and she has known her nineteen years and six months; I'm sure she ought to know.

Oscar. Well, tell us. I'm impatient to know something definite about that cat.

Roger. Had she ever heard of the Mind Cure?

Fay. Or ever been to a Symphony Rehearsal?

Ichabod. Did she know about the proposition to widen Beacon street, and was she opposed to it?

Primrose and Hannah (together). Had she ever been tobogganing?

Beatrice (putting both hands to her ears). Oh, dear, a body can't mention a simple bit of news without an avalanche of questions!

John. Had she any knowledge of Palmistry?

Timothy. Did she belong to a Browning Club?

Roger. Was she ever on a "strike" — or didn't she have any sympathy with the labor reform?

Beatrice. (still keeping her hands over her ears). Oh! oh! oh!

All. Mew! mew! mew! you mean!

John. Well, now, Beatrice, it is very absurd for you to attempt to get up any interest in your piece of news, if you will not tell us what that cat did.

Beatrice (*taking down both hands*). I did tell you.

John. Oh, no. You have been very reticent on the subject; you only mentioned a few paltry tricks that we have shown you have been easily surpassed by half a score of other intelligent, well-bred pussies.

Beatrice. Yes, I did. I told you very distinctly a remarkable thing that cat did.

John. What, pray tell?

Beatrice (*solemnly*). She died.

John. Oh, yes, you did mention that circumstance. But we want to know what that cat did in life.

Beatrice. She did all those things I told you of, before she died.

John. Is it possible!

Oscar. Now, Beatrice, I don't consider it is quite fair for John to do all the questioning. What I want to know is, aren't we, who never have seen this feline

wonder in life, to be permitted to look upon it now that it has departed from your relative's house? In other words, isn't the creature to be stuffed?

Beatrice. No, she did that before she died. Aunt Ray's cook said she was the biggest eater in the house.

Timothy. You evade us as usual. Beatrice, can you give a direct answer? Has any one bought her skin to donate to some natural history museum as the skin of the only specimen of the great South African —

Beatrice. No, no, no! My Aunt Ray wouldn't sell her skin to any one for anything. We buried her —

John. Darkly, at dead of night?

Beatrice. No, in broad daylight, and I wrote the epitaph.

Primrose. Are you sure it wasn't epigram?

Beatrice. Quite sure. And I think it was beautiful. Aunt Ray said it was most touching. Do you want to hear it?

Hannah. Oh, don't deprive us.

Beatrice. It's in poetry. I hope you will like it.

All. Do go on.

Beatrice. Maher-shalal-hash-baz
Is no more;
She wanted only six months
To reach a score.

(Of years. That isn't in the poetry, but of course you'll understand it.)

She was honest, she was kind,
Excelling other cats in mind.
With gracious air and winsome face,
She quite outstripped the feline race.

(I had to say gracious air, instead of grace, because of her lame leg.)

Now pussies old, and young as well,
Imitate her who died pell-mell.

(It ends rather abruptly, but I think such things are more effective that way.)

John. Well, we are much obliged. I presume that ends your Aunt Ray's cat, doesn't it?

Beatrice. An epitaph usually does, I suppose.

John. There's no denying that. Oh! one little thing

we all forgot to ask. Strange, too, when we have taken such an absorbing interest in the affair. What was the matter with poor pussy, if I may ask?

Beatrice. Oh, didn't I tell you? Why, my Aunt Ray gave her to the soap-man to have her killed, and he did, and then brought home her skin. Wasn't he kind?

All. *Your Aunt Ray gave her to the soap-man to have her killed!*

Beatrice. Yes, and he brought home her skin. Wasn't he kind?

John and Oscar. But I thought you said your Aunt Ray was grief-stricken —

Beatrice. Oh, no, I didn't.

Timothy. And you have been working on our sympathies dreadfully.

Beatrice (innocently). Have I?

All. Dreadfully.

Beatrice. Well, that's funny. Now, I want to tell you something else before I finish.

John. What is it? No more harrowing tales of a cat, I beg.

Beatrice. Oh, no, indeed. It's only this. It's all true, every word I've told you, except that my Aunt Ray never had a cat. She positively hates them.

All. *Beatrice, what do you mean by such statements?*

Beatrice (very innocently). Why, you wanted me to tell you a piece of news, didn't you?

All. Yes, we did.

Beatrice. Well, I couldn't think of any I'd heard, so I only did just as other people in the same condition of mind do — I invented some.



"I INVENTED SOME."

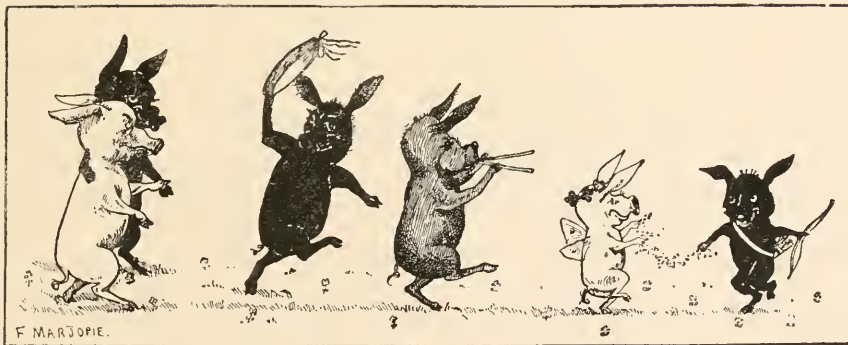
THE CRICKET AND THE QUAIL.

THE Cricket on the quarter-deck
Sang sweetly to the Quail,
“Come to me, dear,
Come to me here,
As merrily we sail;
O'er land and sea
There's none like thee,
Bird of the nut-brown tail.”

The Quail demurely shook her head —
And then she looked aghast!
For stealthily
The Weasel, he
Came climbing down the mast!
He checked her moans,
He crunched her bones,
And sighed when all was past!



The Cricket on the quarter-deck
Looked o'er the ocean's swell,
And dreamily
Composed a glee,
The coy young Quail to quell.
For love is blind,
As love does find —
And *both* did love her well!

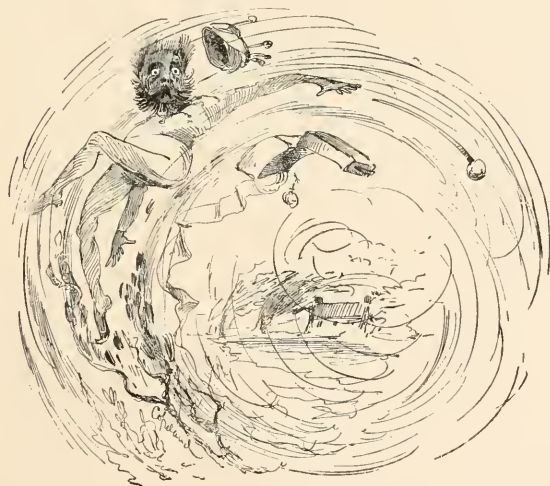


A WIZARD.



'T WAS a famous East Indian wizard —
He could change a cow to a lizard,
A fish to a squirrel,
Or, just by a twirl,
Make gold from a black hen's gizzard.

This clever East Indian wizard
Fell in with a Kansas blizzard;
They had a set-to,
And when they got through
He didn't know "a" from "izzard."



DILL.

DAME CLEMENTINA was in her dairy churning, and her little daughter Nan was out in the flower-garden. The flower-garden was a little plot back of the cottage, full of all the sweet, old-fashioned herbs. There were sweet marjoram, sage, summersavory, lavender, and ever so many others. Up in one corner there was a little green bed of dill.

Nan was a dainty, slim little maiden, with yellow, flossy hair in short curls all over her head. Her eyes were very sweet and round and blue, and she wore a quaint little smuff-colored gown. It had a very short full waist, with low neck and puffed sleeves, and the skirt was straight and narrow and down to her little heels.

She danced around the garden, picking a flower here and there. She was making a nosegay for her mother. She picked lavender and sweet-william and pinks, and bunched them up together. Finally she pulled a little



A STRANGE, SAD STATE OF THINGS.

sprig of dill, and ran, with that and the nosegay, to her mother in the dairy.

“Mother dear,” said she, “here is a little nosegay for you; and what was it I overheard you telling Dame Elizabeth about dill last night?”

Dame Clementina stopped churning and took the nosegay. “Thank you, Sweetheart, it is lovely,” said she, “and, as for the dill — it is a charmed plant, you know, like four-leaved clover.”

“Do you put it over the door?” asked Nan.

“Yes. Nobody who is envious or ill-disposed can enter into the house if there is a sprig of dill over the door. Then I know another charm which makes it stronger. If one just writes this verse:

“ ‘Alva, aden, winira mir,
Villawissen lingen;
Sanchta, wanchta, attazir,
Hor de mussen wingen,’

under the sprig of dill, every one envious, or evil-disposed, who attempts to enter the house, will have

to stop short, just where they are, and stand there ; they cannot move."



NAN RETURNS WITH THE UMBRELLAS.

"What does the verse mean?" asked Nan, with great eyes.

"That I do not know. It is written in a foreign language. But it is a powerful charm."

"O mother! will you write it off for me, if I will bring you a bit of paper and a pen?"

"Certainly," replied her mother, and wrote it off when Nan brought pen and paper.

"Now," said she, "you must run off

and play again, and not hinder me any longer, or I shall not get my butter made to-day.”

So Nan danced away with the verse and the sprig of dill, and her mother went on churning.

She had a beautiful, tall stone churn, with the sides all carved with figures in relief. There were milkmaids and cows as natural as life all around the churn. The dairy was charming too. The shelves were carved stone; and the floor had a little silvery rill running right through the middle of it, with green ferns at the sides. All along the stone shelves were set pans full of yellow cream, and the pans were all of solid silver, with a chasing of buttercups and daisies around the brims.

It was not a common dairy, and Dame Clementina was not a common dairy-woman. She was very tall and stately, and wore her silver-white hair braided around her head like a crown, with a high silver comb at the top. She walked like a queen; indeed she was a noble count's daughter. In her early youth she had married a pretty young dairyman, against her father's wishes; so she had been disinherited. The dairyman had been so very poor and low down in the world,

that the count felt it his duty to cast off his daughter, lest she should do discredit to his noble line. There was a much pleasanter, easier way out of the difficulty, which the count did not see. Indeed, it was a peculiarity of all his family that they never could see a way out of a difficulty, high and noble as they were. The count only needed to have given the poor young dairyman a few acres of his own land, and a few bags of his own gold, and begged the king, with whom he had great influence, to knight him, and all the obstacles would have been removed; the dairyman would have been quite rich and noble enough for his son-in-law. But he never thought of that, and his daughter was disinherited. However, he made all the amends to her that he could, and fitted her out royally for her humble station in life. He caused this beautiful dairy to be built for her, and gave her the silver milk-pans, and the carved stone churn.

“My daughter shall not churn in a common wooden churn, or skim the cream from wooden pans,” he had said.

The dairyman had been dead a good many years

now, and Dame Clementina managed the dairy alone. She never saw anything of her father, though he lived in his castle not far off, on a neighboring height. When the sky was clear, she could see its stone towers against it. She had four beautiful white cows, and Nan drove them to pasture; they were very gentle.

When Dame Clementina had finished churning, she went into the cottage. As she stepped through the little door with clumps of sweet-peas on each side, she looked up. There was the sprig of dill, and the magic verse she had written under it.

Nan was sitting at the window inside, knitting her stent on a blue stocking. "Ah, Sweetheart," said her mother, laughing, "you have little cause to pin the dill and the verse over our door. None is likely to envy us, or to be ill-disposed toward us."

"O mother!" said Nan, "I know it, but I thought it would be so nice to feel sure. Oh, there is Dame Golding coming after some milk. *Do* you suppose she will have to stop?"

"What nonsense!" said her mother. They both of them watched Dame Golding coming. All of a sudden,

she stopped short, just outside. She could go no farther. She tried to lift her feet, but could not.

“O mother!” cried Nan, “she has stopped!”

The poor woman began to scream. She was frightened almost to death. Nan and her mother were not much less frightened, but they did not know what to do. They ran out, and tried to comfort her, and gave her some cream to drink; but it did not amount to much. Dame Golding had secretly envied Dame Clementina for her silver milk-pans. Nan and her mother knew why their visitor was so suddenly rooted to the spot, of course, but she did not. She thought her feet were paralyzed, and she kept begging them to send for her husband.

“Perhaps he can pull her away,” said Nan, crying. How she wished she had never pinned the dill and the verse over the door! So she set off for Dame Golding’s husband. He came running in a great hurry; but when he had nearly reached his wife, and had his arms reached out to grasp her, he, too, stopped short. He had envied Dame Clementina for her beautiful white cows, and there he was fast, also.

He began to groan and scream too. Nan and her mother ran into the house and shut the door. They could not bear it. "What shall we do if any one else comes?" sobbed Nan. "O mother! there is Dame Dorothy coming. And — yes — oh, she has stopped too!" Poor Dame Dorothy had envied Dame Clementina a little for her flower-garden, which was finer than hers, so she had to join Dame Golding and her husband.

Pretty soon, another woman came, who had looked with envious eyes at Dame Clementina because she was a count's daughter; and another, who had grudged her a fine damask petticoat which she had had before she was disinherited, and still wore on holidays; and they both had to stop.

Then came three rough-looking men in velvet jackets and slouched hats, who brought up short at the gate with a great jerk that nearly took their breath away. They were robbers who were prowling about with a view to stealing Dame Clementina's silver milk-pans some dark night.

All through the day the people kept coming and stopping. It was wonderful how many things poor

Dame Clementina had to be envied by men and women, and even children. They envied Nan for her yellow

curls or her blue eyes, or her pretty snuff-colored gown. When the sun set, the yard in front of Dame Clementina's cottage was full of people. Lastly, just before dark, the count himself came ambling up on a coal-black horse. The count was a majestic old man dressed in velvet, with stars on his breast. His white hair fell in long curls on his shoulders, and he had a pointed beard. As he



DAME ELIZABETH STARED WITH ASTONISHMENT.

came to the gate, he caught a glimpse of Nan in the door.

“How I wish that little maiden was my child!” said he. And, straightway, he stopped. His horse pawed and trembled when he lashed him with a jewelled whip to make him go on; but he could not stir forward one step. Neither could the count dismount from his saddle; he sat there fuming with rage.

Meanwhile, poor Dame Clementina and little Nan were overcome with distress. The sight of their yard full of all these weeping people was dreadful. Neither of them had any idea how to do away with the trouble, because of their family inability to see their way out of a difficulty.

When supper-time came, Nan went for the cows, and her mother milked them into her silver milk-pails, and strained off the milk into her silver pans. Then they kindled up a fire and cooked some beautiful milk porridge for the poor people in the yard, and then carried them each a bowlful.

It was a beautiful, warm moonlight night, and all the winds were sweet with roses and pinks; so the people could not suffer out of doors; but the next morning it rained.

"O mother!" said Nan, "it is raining, and what will the poor people do?"

Dame Clementina would never have seen her way out of this difficulty, had not Dame Golding cried out that her bonnet was getting wet, and she wanted an umbrella.

"Why, you must go around to their houses, of course, and get their umbrellas for them," said Dame Clementina; "but first, give ours to that old man on horse-back." She did not know her father, so many years had passed since she had seen him, and he had altered so.

So Nan carried out their great yellow umbrella to the count, and went around to the others' houses for their own umbrellas. It was pitiful enough to see them standing all alone behind the doors. She could not find three extra ones for the three robbers, and she felt badly about that.

Somebody suggested, however, that milk-pans turned over their heads would keep the rain off their slouched hats, at least; so she got a silver milk-pan for an umbrella for each. They made such frantic efforts to

get away then, that they looked like jumping-jacks; but it was of no use.



"SUCH FRANTIC EFFORTS TO GET AWAY."

Poor Dame Clementina and Nan, after they had given more milk porridge to the people, and done all they

could for their comfort, stood staring disconsolately out of the window at them under their dripping umbrellas. The yard was fairly green and black and blue and yellow with umbrellas. They wept at the sight, but they could not think of any way out of the difficulty. The people themselves might have suggested one, had they known the real cause; but they did not dare to tell them how they were responsible for all the trouble; they seemed so angry.

About noon Nan spied their most particular friend, Dame Elizabeth, coming. She lived a little way out of the village. Nan saw her approaching the gate through the rain and mist, with her great blue umbrella, and her long blue double cape and her poke bonnet; and she cried out in the greatest dismay: "O mother, mother, there is our dear Dame Elizabeth coming; she will have to stop too!"

Then they watched her with beating hearts. Dame Elizabeth stared with astonishment at the people, and stopped to ask them questions. But she entered the cottage under the sprig of dill and the verse. She did not envy Dame Clementina or Nan anything.

"Tell me what this means," said she. "Why are all these people standing in your yard in the rain with umbrellas?"

Then Dame Clementina and Nan told her. "And oh what shall we do?" said they. "Will these people have to stand in our yard forever?"

Dame Elizabeth stared at them. The way out of the difficulty was so plain to her, that she could not credit its not being plain to them.

"Why don't you *take down the sprig of dill and the verse?*" said she.

"Why, sure enough!" said they, in amazement. "Why didn't we think of that before?"

So Dame Clementina ran out quickly, and pulled down the sprig of dill and the verse.

Then the way the people hurried out of the yard! They fairly danced and flourished their heels, old folks and all. They were so delighted to be able to move, and they wanted to be sure they could move. The robbers tried to get away unseen with their silver milk-pans, but some of the people stopped them, and set the pans safely inside the dairy. All the people,

except the count, were so eager to get away, that they did not stop to inquire into the cause of the trouble then.



"THE COUNT THINKS HIMSELF INSULTED."

Afterward, when they did, they were too much ashamed to say anything about it.

It was a good lesson to them; they were not quite so envious after that. Always on entering any cottage, they would glance at the door, to see if, perchance, there might be a sprig of dill over it. And, if there was not, they were reminded to put away any envious feeling

they might have toward the inmates out of their hearts.

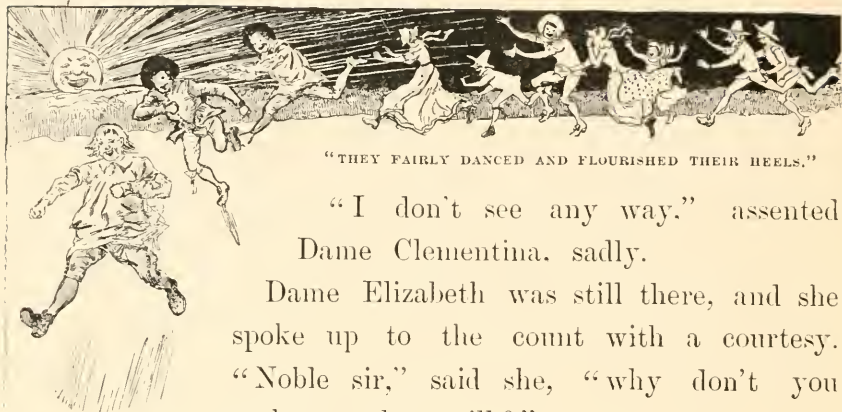
As for the count, he had not been so much alarmed as the others, since he had been to the wars and was braver. Moreover, he felt that his dignity as a noble had been insulted. So he dismounted and fastened his horse to the gate, and strode up to the door with his sword clanking and the plumes on his hat nodding.

"What," he begun; then he stopped short. He had recognized his daughter in Dame Clementina. She recognized him at the same moment. "O my dear daughter!" said he. "O my dear father!" said she.

"And this is my little grandchild?" said the count; and he took Nan upon his knee, and covered her with caresses.

Then the story of the dill and the verse was told. "Yes," said the count, "I truly was envious of you, Clementina, when I saw Nan."

After a little, he looked at his daughter sorrowfully. "I should dearly love to take you up to the castle with me, Clementina," said he, "and let you live there always, and make you and the little child my heirs. But how can I? You are disinherited, you know."



"THEY FAIRLY DANCED AND FLOURISHED THEIR HEELS."

"I don't see any way," assented Dame Clementina, sadly.

Dame Elizabeth was still there, and she spoke up to the count with a courtesy. "Noble sir," said she, "why don't you make another will?"

"Why, sure enough," cried the count with great delight, "why don't I? I'll have my lawyer up to the castle to-morrow."

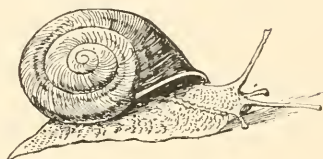
He did immediately alter his will, and his daughter was no longer disinherited. She and Nan went to live at the castle, and were very rich and happy. Nan learned to play on the harp, and wore snuff-colored satin gowns. She was called Lady Nan, and she lived a long time, and everybody loved her. But never, so long as she lived, did she pin the sprig of dill and the verse over the door again. She kept them at the very bottom of a little satin-wood box — the

faded sprig of dill wrapped round with the bit of paper on which was written the charm-verse :

“Alva, aden, winira mir,
Villawissen lingen ;
Sanchta, wanchta, attazir,
Hor de mussen wingen.”

THE SNAIL.

A QUEER little snail, with a spikky-spiked tail,
Carrying his house on his back,
Went for a walk, near a tall lily stalk,
Out from the garden track.



And waddling so still, with her fat yellow bill,
Along came a lily-white duck;
And right in the track she gave a great “quack!”
And swallowed the snail, for luck.

